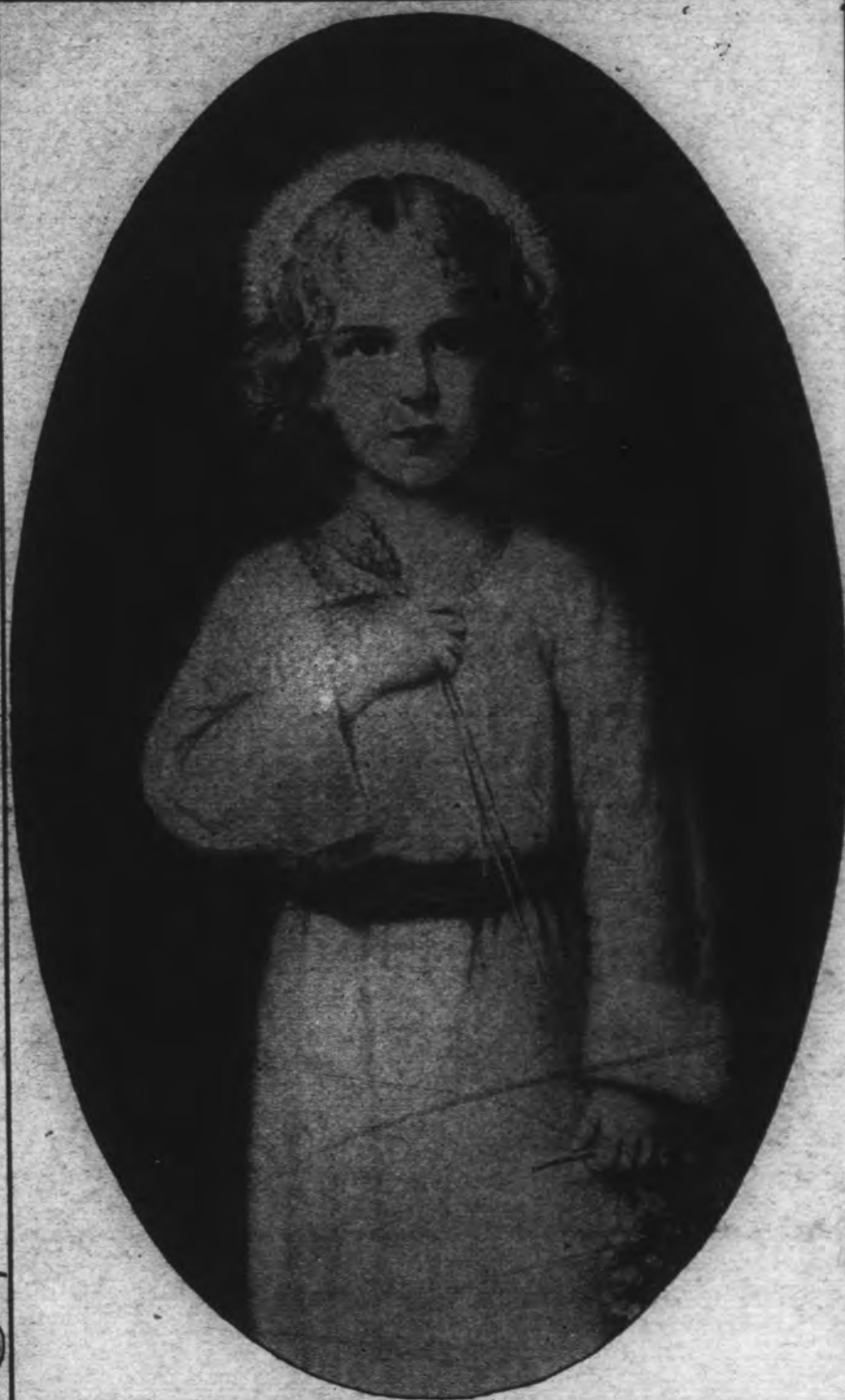


THE Colored Messenger



A MAGAZINE EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE
OF THE COLORED MISSIONS

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MISSION PRESS, TECHNY, ILLINOIS

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Quarterly

MARCH, 1916

Volume I
Number I

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To save postage we ask our friends to order in clubs or quantities. Money should be sent per draft or postal money order, never in cash or stamps.

Read the Annual Appeal of the Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops of the United States
page 20

Established 1855

The Will & Baumer Company

THE CANDLE MANUFACTURERS

Syracuse, New York

Only Makers of the Famous Purissima, Cardinal and Altar Brand Candles and Genuine Vigil Lights

Branches: NEW YORK :: CHICAGO :: BOSTON

The Colored Messenger

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE NEGRO MISSIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD

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Rev. P. J. Wendel, S.V.D., Editor, 1914-18th Ave., Meridian, Miss.

Bishop Gunn's Message of Godspeed to the "Colored Messenger"

Pass Christian, Miss., March 14, 1916.

REV. FATHER HEICK, Sup.,
Bell and Blair Streets,
Jackson, Miss.

My dear Father Heick:

I heartily approve of the proposed "'Colored Messenger'" which your Fathers propose to publish. Our diocese needs some such medium to make known the needs and wants of the devoted priests and sisters who are working among the million Africans in Mississippi. You have my authority to publish and to spread the "'Colored Messenger.'" Your message to your readers will also be mine and if you appeal for help in your work, your appeal has my sanction and my permission.

Wishing your efforts every success and assuring you of my co-operation and prayers with an added blessing for all who help you, I am

Yours very sincerely,

† JOHN E. GUNN,

Bishop of Natchez.

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His Holiness Pope Benedict XV

The Message

'A new magazine', I hear our friends saying, the 'Colored Messenger'. Yes, it is new and happily so, for the message our little fellow will bring, though old, is always new. God's message to His children never grows old. Our quarterly will bring you a message from God's vineyard; it will give an account of the work done and to be done. The message is not sent by wireless from a far-off foreign land, no, it comes from our own glorious country of the Stars and Stripes; it is the message of the Church's activities among our brethren in Black.

Though so near us, yet little is known to the bulk of our White people of the great

amount of work to be accomplished. We must first know the nature of the work before we can expect to handle it successfully, the clergy and the laity must know it.

It is true our Church does not believe in loud advertising and dragging her affairs into the market place, but we must understand that when Christ sent His apostles. He told them to preach. Preaching by word is of no avail, unless it is heard. So Christ wishes us to be heard, when we tell the message of the work in His Father's vineyard.

Dear Reader, listen to the message of the Colored missions, listen attentively, and we both shall benefit by it.



Rt. Rev. J. E. Gunn, Bishop of Natchez, Miss.



Beginning of the Mission at Vicksburg, Miss.

A Few Minutes with the Missionary

St. Mary's, Vicksburg, Miss.

The success with which God has blessed this congregation during the year 1915, has been a source of great joy to all. Our membership has been increased by 77, and the active zeal displayed by many of our fellow Catholics is very gratifying.

Our congregation, which ten years ago started with the modest membership of 39, now counts 38 men, 73 women, and 127 children. This flattering increase is evidence that God is with us, that He looks approvingly upon our work, and that He holds as very dear to His Sacred Heart this favored portion of His vineyard. No doubt much of this success is attributable to the piety and activity of the faithful.

The greatest test of piety is the frequent reception of Holy Communion; the pastor is happy to state that the monthly average of Holy Communions for this year is 300. Thus, like the first Christians, we have

dwelt together in harmony and the breaking of Bread.

Our schools are in a flourishing condition. The Sisters' school, which at first began with 18 pupils, now has the encouraging enrollment of over 200. Two other schools have been opened in 1915, the one has at present 42, and the other 26 pupils.

The spiritual life at St. Mary's is well organized. There is a flourishing league of the Sacred Heart with 61 members, the Children of Mary with 27, the St. Aloysius Altar Sodality with 15 members.

On Sunday, March 19, the feast of St. Joseph, 18 men organized a branch of the Knights of St. Peter Claver, a Colored Catholic benevolent society.

This was the first Colored Catholic lodge established in the missions of the Society of the Divine Word. Vivant sequentes!

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Jackson & Second North Sts.
Vicksburg, Miss.



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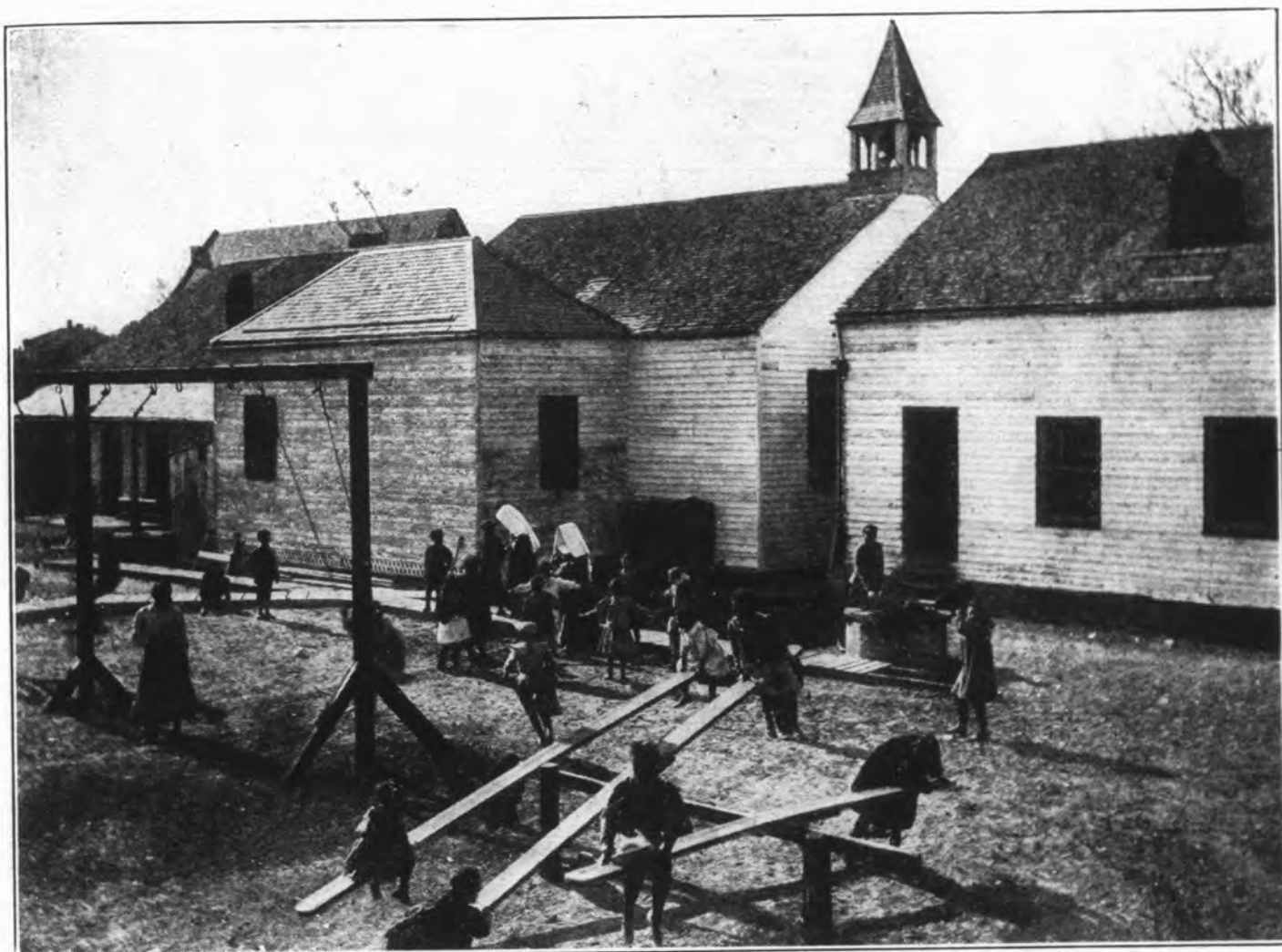
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The Beginning of the Holy Ghost Mission at Jackson, Miss.

Holy Ghost Mission, Jackson, Miss.

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May they be numerous! May they increase!

The writer of these lines is already well known to most of the readers of this periodical. He had the privilege of being the first messenger of the Society of the Divine Word to bring the True Faith to the Negro of the South.

The surroundings of the place where I landed first, at Merigold, Miss., did not prove favorable to the work we intended to start there. Thus, after a few months, I was ordered by our late Bishop Heslin to go to Vicksburg to see what could be done there.

The next number of the Colored Messenger will treat more in detail on the development of this mission, as I understand. It may suffice to say that there has been a marvelous change going on at this mission during the last two years. "People are coming in fast," writes Fr. Steinhauer,

"and this is the very place where we had already two missions given, without a single convert."

In 1909 we opened the Holy Ghost School at Jackson, the capital city of Miss. But it took us more than a year's time to clear the way through the enormous difficulties which our adversaries brought up against us and the work we were to undertake. Thus, the beginning in Jackson was anything but encouraging. And I hope that our readers will learn the history of the mission through the columns of this paper in the near future. I often think how well it is that God in His wisdom hides from our eyes the difficulties, trials and temptations prepared for us, especially if we are called to undertake something for God's honor and the salvation of souls.

Our school at Jackson has the largest attendance of all the different stations our Society has established for the Colored. There are more than 300 children on the roll, three-fourths of them being non-Catholics. At present, I am busy in preparing a class for Baptism, some others for First

Communion. Almost all of our children would like to become Catholics, were it not for their parents. Some of those children are making daily visits to the Blessed Virgin that, they may get permission to join.

Last December, two weeks before Christmas, I succeeded in getting a man to give a mission to this little Congregation, consisting of only about a dozen grown people. I very well saw the necessity of this kind of work. But I was worried at how to get an audience where the Catholics are so few and the anti-Catholic sentiment so strong. Now, such obstacles should never deter a man. I knew from my personal observation that the people here would like to see and to hear a Colored priest, a man of their own. We can not blame them. Every race sticks to its own people. It must do so. It does not often happen in our life that things come just as we like to have them. This time I was so fortunate.

Father Dorsey, S.S.J. was with Fr. Wendel at Meridian at this time, and he agreed, with the permission of his Superior, to come and lecture to the people of Jackson. Fr. Dorsey is one of the 5 Colored priests in the United States, in fact, the only one in the missions. He is well known as an orator, and has some ability to explain and to illustrate the teaching of the Church in his own way to his people. It is no easy job for a Catholic missionary to draw a crowd among the Protestants. Out of curiosity, of course, they come once. They might come a second time. In some cases also a third time. But, after this they stay away. Now, it must be said, to do justice to Fr. Dorsey, that he succeeded beyond expectation in keeping the people interested in his lectures from the first day to the close of the mission. Even white people came to attend the sermons of the Colored missionary. And in leaving the church one of them said to me: "Father, he is an able man. I like to hear him. We can learn from him."

At the close of the mission, we baptized 12. One might say, "Well, this is a rather small number." But, remember, that this is the first mission in an entirely non-Catholic district, where a multitude of ministers are working and preaching against us.

When they heard of the work of Fr. Dorsey at the Catholic mission, they started a campaign against him, announcing services and "grand preaching" for every evening to keep their people away from the Catholic Church. Yet, they could not do us much harm by this time.

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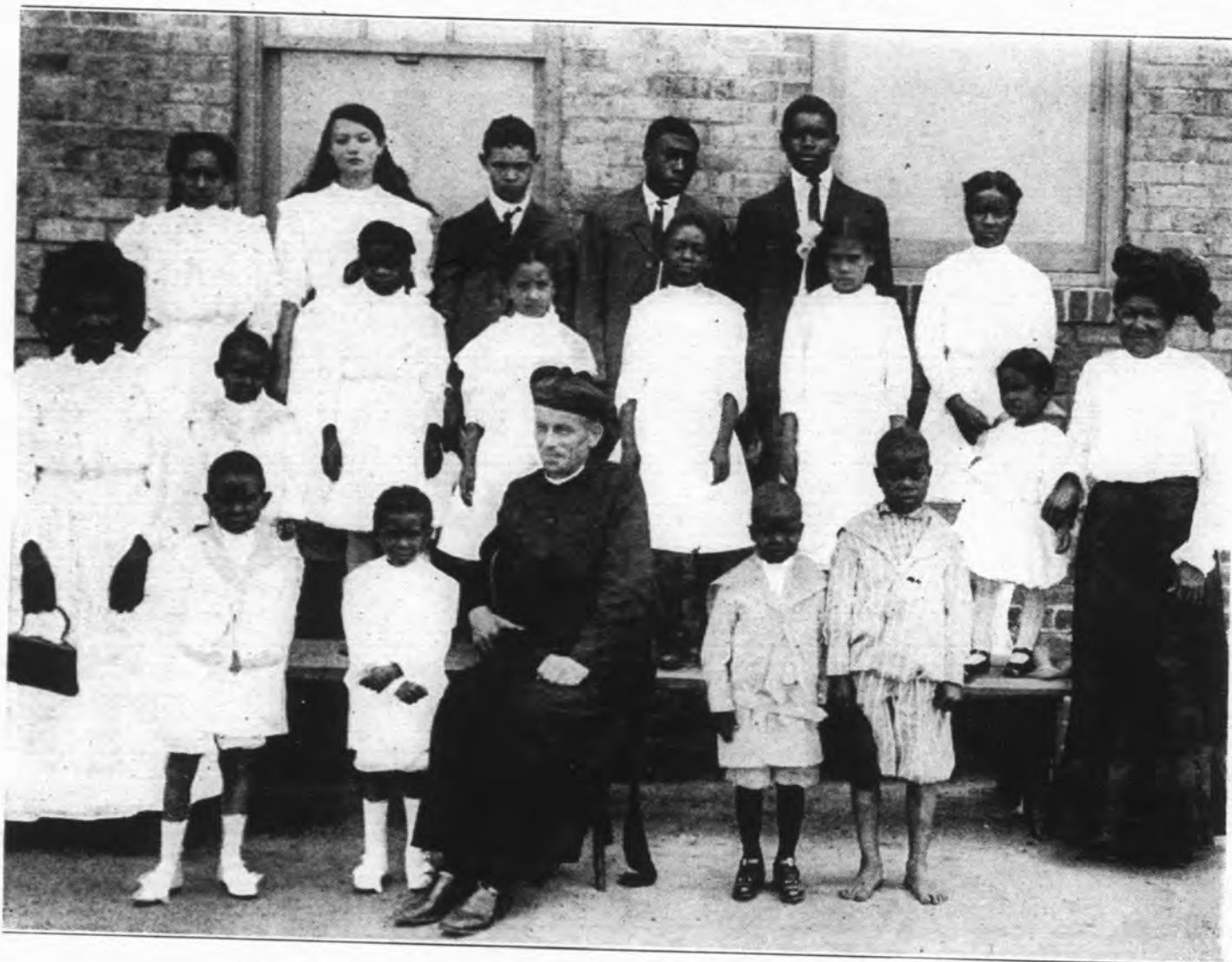
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Jackson, Miss.

St. Joseph's, Meridian, Miss.

It will interest our friends that, in spite of the hard times that prevail in the South, St. Joseph's has been doing remarkably well this year, not financially but spiritually. There is a growing feeling in this community that the Catholic Church is the Church for the Colored. A slow but steady stream of converts is coming into the fold. It seems that God is showing us that, in spite of hard times, His work is to go on. The feeling of this presence of the finger of Divine Providence, in our missionary affairs, does the man in the lonesome missions good.

The enrollment of our school has fallen off a little, on account of financial reasons. This fact is noticeable in all the schools of the city, the free public schools being overcrowded. We all hope that the day may not be too far distant when we can eliminate the tuition charges in our schools. In this way only shall we be able to reach as many as possible, and give them the benefit of a good Catholic education, which is after all the aim of our missionary activity.



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had not forgotten their prayers and religious practices. In fact, the mother, who had died in the meantime, expressed as her last wish that her children be raised and educated Catholics.

REV. P. J. WENDEL, S. V. D.,
1914—18th Ave.
Meridian, Miss.



Our Beginning at Meridian, Miss.

St. Bartholomew's, Little Rock, Ark.

Through the generosity of the Right Rev. Bishop Morris of Little Rock, Very Rev. Father Finton Kraemer, O.S.B., was enabled to erect a nice little church on Gaines St. The holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered there for the first time, January 10, 1908.

October 10, 1910, this mission was turned over to the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill. The buildings on the new property on 16th and Marshall Streets were

supervised by the Rev. Father Hoenderop, the present pastor of St. Bartholomew's.

Little Rock has a large Negro population and the good the mission is doing can hardly be told in a few words. The S. V. D. has opened a branch school at Harrington Addition, an entirely Colored settlement.

Father Hoenderop from distant Arkansas sends his best wishes and regards for the success of the Colored Messenger on his first trip through our glorious country.

REV. P. J. HOENDEROP, S. V. D.,
1615—W. 16th Street. Little Rock, Ark.



Our Beginning at Little Rock, Ark.

Sacred Heart Mission, Greenville, Miss.

Greenville is our youngest and smallest Mission. The school is a beautiful and neat building and the chapel, situated on the first floor is actually a gem, which I would not exchange for any of the larger churches for the colored people in the city. It is indeed, not only in years but also in size, the Benjamin of our Southern Mission.

The 140 children who attend our school form a happy little crowd. Even their outward appearance makes a good impression, as there are few who come to school in tattered garments, or whose shoes have the inevitable big holes of so many Colored children; then, too, childhood's happy smile

beams on each one's face. Let me say in round terms, that they are all good children, too. You will never hear them use bad language, and last week, when a boy dared to write a little bad word on the wall, it aroused the indignation of the whole school, and only because he confessed openly that he did it, was he saved from a severe punishment.

It is surprising, then, how these little folks perceive so quickly that there is something new in our school, that ought to be appreciated by them; far more quickly than the slow reasoning power of grown people would notice and appreciate it. I shall say it in the simple words of a little girl of eight years. She said: "When I went to the Public School I did not know much of God, nor where the Blessed Virgin is. I could

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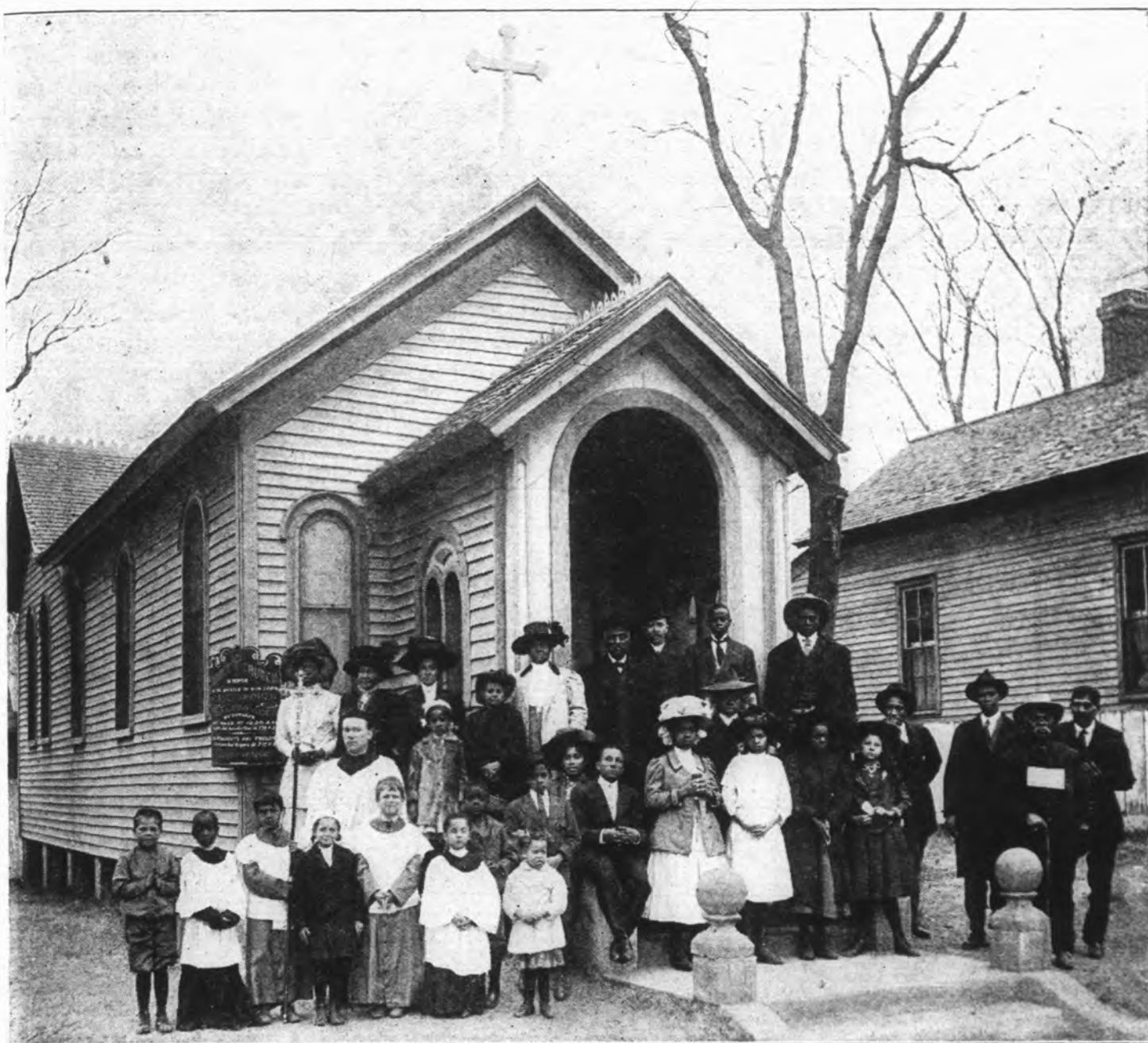
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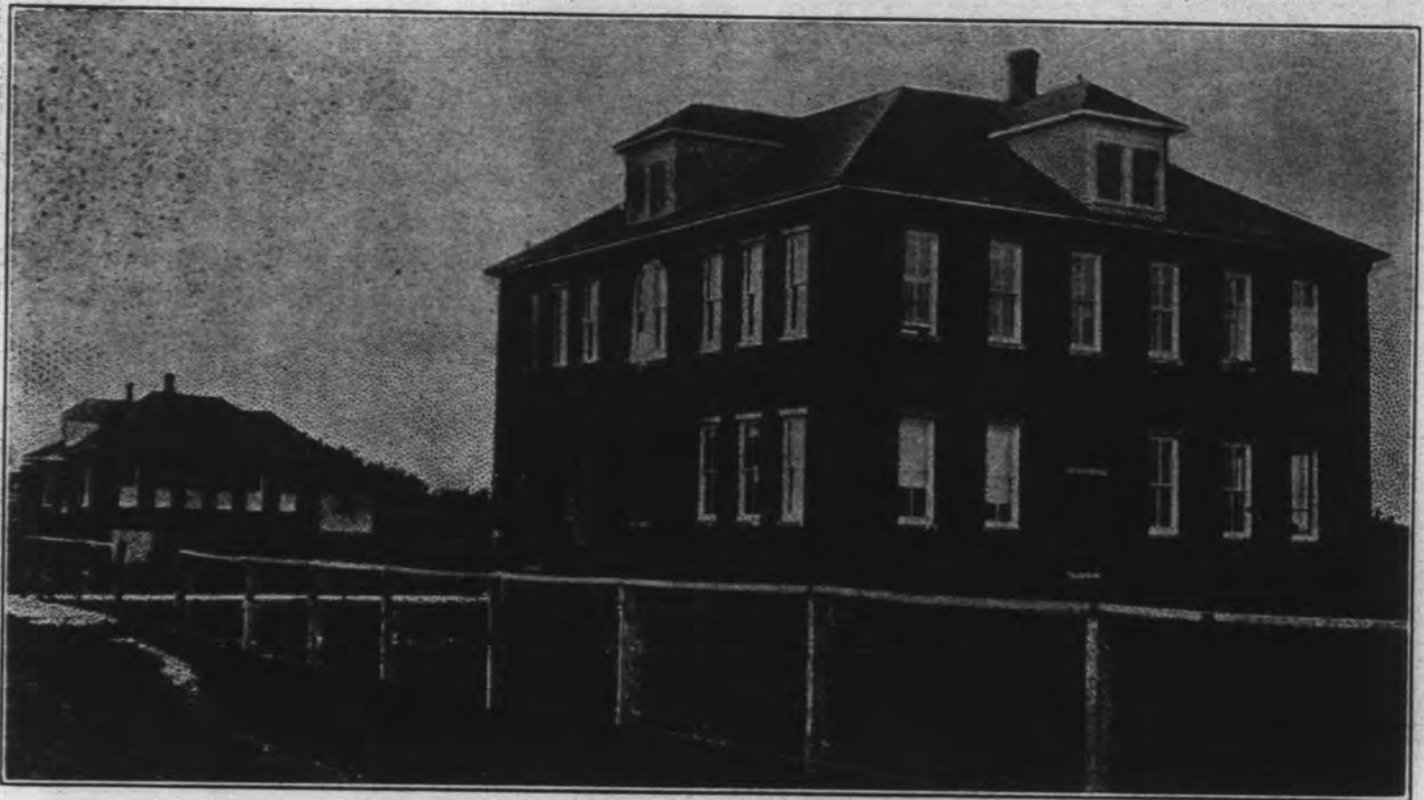
say no prayer; but now I know how to say so many prayers; I love God and the Blessed Virgin, and wish therefore to be baptized." A strange kind of reasoning. It is the sincere reasoning of a child's mind. But you will understand why, after the first year that we were here, 16 children were baptized; nine more were added last year, and the coming Easter 12 more will join. The entire flock—grown people included—numbers 65.

They are faithful. Last Sunday all of them were in church, and when two or three miss on some Sundays, they know

that it displeases their pastor and that it will not pass without some remarks. Thus they prefer to be good. Now during Lent nearly all of them come every morning at 6 o'clock to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion. The next time more about them.

Now, all of these little folks, and the Catholic grown people join with their pastor to greet the readers of our "Colored Messenger."

REV. P. M. CHRISTMAN, S. V. D.,
Gloster St., Greenville, Miss.



School and Sisters' Convent at Greenville, Miss.

Blossoms from the Mission Field

The Widow's Mite

A St. Louis paper some time ago had the following to say about an old Colored woman, who certainly had imbibed the spirit of charity as told by our Blessed Savior in the gospel:

"Negress made 15 cents a day;
Gave Peter's Pence \$2.00."

"Those who attend the old Cathedral regularly have missed, in the last month, a humble negress, Annie McClean, who received Holy Communion daily. This woman, past 80 years of age, probably was the most generous contributor, proportionate to her means, of any parishioner of

the Old Cathedral. Prior to her recent death in the City Hospital, where she was sick only a few days, she had worked for 15 cents a day. Out of that meager wage she managed to give \$2.00 annually to "Peter's Pence."

The wage of 15 cents a day, which would amount to \$46.95 for the 313 working days in the year, seems incredible to the average working man or woman, but it is vouched for by several persons who knew Annie McClean. It was given to her for shelling peanuts long hours each day. Her fingers, stiff with age and infirmity, could not earn more than this scanty amount."

Truly a blossom from the mission field.

The Saint of the Pullman Car

(By Thos. M. Schwerter, in *The Holy Name Journal*)

Whilst the political economists are telling us that the negroes can never be Christianized, and whilst the social workers are trying their best to give them a natural religion in place of a supernatural religion—for which they deem them unfitted—the Catholic Church all along has been preaching to them, as to the white man and the red man, the sacred truths of Christ's Church. With the hoarded experience of the centuries to guide her, and the remembrance of glorious achievements in the past to blaze forth the way for her, she—and she alone—has never lost faith in the human nature and the spiritual possibilities of the negro. The glorious annals of her missionaries' work in Africa, the conquests of St. Peter Claver, the example of St. Benedict the Moor, are some few of the pegs on which she hangs her confident hope of redeeming and reclaiming for the faith this down-trodden people.

In our own country and day there has been more than one example of what the Church can make of the negro. It is only recently there was buried from the Church of St. Benedict the Moor—the church of the colored people of New York City—a man whose life of hidden sanctity entitles him to more than passing notice.

John Loyd Smith was born some sixty or seventy years ago in Washington, where his parents attended the Baptist church. They were deeply religious people, as most negroes are who take their religion seriously at all. And as is the case with so many of the colored people of the Southland, they were not free from prejudice against the Catholic Church. So it was with a certain amount of consternation that the mother saw her son always playing with the Catholic boys of that section of the National Capital known to the older residents as "Swampoodle." As the youngster refused to go to his own church, though he was frequently seen to follow the Catholic boys as far as the church of the Jesuit Fathers, Loyd's mother threatened to send him to the black-robed priest, of whom he stood in mortal terror. At last one day she took

him, all a-tremble, to St. Aloysius' rectory, and explained to the priest that, since she could not induce her son to come to her own church she was willing that he should be instructed in the Catholic faith—"for," she added, "to some church he must go, if he is to grow up to be a good man." Greatly surprised at the genuine religious sense of this poor mother, the Jesuit Father won over the trembling lad by kind words. Later on appointed days, he instructed him in the rudiments of the faith and soon had the happiness of pouring on his head the regenerating water of baptism and of leading him with swelling heart and beaming face to the table of the Lord.

It was a strange inexplicable attraction that the long black robe of the Jesuit exercised over Loyd. With the curiosity of a boy, and the still greater curiosity of his race, young Loyd had even before his baptism found it hard to remain away from the church where mystic ceremonies and symbolical rites, unintelligible to his mind, were being enacted before large congregations. But as soon as he realized what they signified, his unspoiled heart went out with the affection of a child to the priest of God, so indispensable to the ministrations of religion. He was wont to say in his own homely fashion that a priest was greater than a king or the President of the United States. He was never happier than when he had occasion to speak to a priest. And the respect which he invariably showed the clergy was not the empty, hollow deference of a man who has been trained in the conventionalities of society, but was the deep love springing from a genuinely Catholic heart.

At an early age Loyd entered the service of the Pullman Car Company as a cook, making regular runs from New York to St. Louis and return. The sentiments of deep reverence which had characterized his boyhood were put into practice whenever a priest happened to be travelling on his division. On such occasions his joy was evident to all. For him there would be no sleep that night, since he took it upon himself, all unbidden, to watch through the long, dark hours lest any manner of evil befall the Lord's anointed. He would sprinkle the traveller's berth with holy water,

and put his own beads under the pillow, so that he might sleep the sleep of peace. Indeed, he might well have felt—if any man can experience that feeling—like the priest's guardian angel for that night.

When the parish of St. Benedict the Moor was founded for the colored people of New York City about 1883, Loyd moved



The Saint of the Pullman Car

to the metropolis and took up quarters close to Bleecker Street. Whenever his employment permitted, he was found each morning at Mass. No inclemency of weather, no lassitude of body after the strenuous labors of a long run on the Pullman, could keep him away from his morning devotions. If stranger priests happened to be at the rectory, he soon discovered it and would

remain for their Masses. At evening he would return to the foot of the altar and in the gathering darkness of the sacred place would kneel bolt upright—though this must have been a sore strain on one of his huge dimensions—he weighed over three hundred pounds—saying the beads and the few other prayers that he knew by heart. Never was a mission given in St. Benedict's, never did the Forty Hours' Devotion come around, never did a feast day of the Blessed Savior or His Mother sweep like a comet through the liturgical firmament, that Loyd was not found at his appointed place in the church, engaged in prayer and loving rumination on the mysteries of the God-Man's life.

Long before Pope Pius X urged the Catholic faithful to a more frequent reception of Holy Communion, Loyd, with his sure Catholic instinct, sensed the need and the advisability of going as often as he could to the table of the Lord. Indeed, it may be said that the Blessed Sacrament was the source of his whole spiritual life. From the days when as a boy he saw the Sacred Host lifted up in the glittering monstrance, to the last hours of his life, when the King of Glory, within the narrow confines of a golden pyx, came to his poor home, the Blessed Sacrament was the one great devotion of the poor colored man's life. Perhaps the happiest moments of his life were those mornings when adult converts made their first Holy Communion. By one of those holy ruses which only the saints of God know how to make use of, Loyd would manage somehow to go up to the table of the Lord to kneel beside the grown-up first communicant. He often remarked that he was always conscious of receiving some of the special graces that were poured out on such occasions.

"Loyd," as he was called, was a staunch Holy Name man, and many an emphatic protest did he make against profanity, whether uttered by Catholic or Protestant. When travelling on trains he proudly wore his Holy Name button, and was always ready to explain its meaning.

For several years he was cook at the Catholic Boys' Camp at Lake Ronkonkoma, L. I. Here he met many priests, whose willing servitor he immediately became. At

the camp there were also ten or twelve seminarians, whose ordination he afterwards attended. He always spoke of the occasion as a day of unparalleled spiritual joy. He was unique among present-day Catholics, inasmuch as he never found a sermon or a ceremony too long. About the only criticism he ever made of either was that it was too short!

As was to be expected, Loyd was a power for good in the parish. For instance, after services he would plant himself on a certain seat in the basement of the church, where he would immediately become the centre of an animated group. Whereupon he would fearlessly call to account any young fellow who had shown signs of becoming delinquent in the exercise of his religious duties, and would read him a lesson, emphasizing his remarks by pounding on the floor with a stout stick, which in late years had become necessary to aid him in walking.

This stick once rolled away from him while he was making a visit to the Lady Chapel in St. Patrick's Cathedral. In his effort to rise from his knees without it he lost his balance and went over in a heap. A young man kneeling nearby immediately ran to his assistance. But Loyd's weight was too much, and both went down together. Fortunately more help arrived and finally Loyd was put on his feet again. He enjoyed telling this joke on himself, placing the blame on the "rascally stick" which had gotten him in such a predicament in such a holy place.

It is many a year since infirmities began to overtake him. He did not regret overmuch that age forced him out of actual service on the Pullman, since this inactivity

gave him the opportunity to exercise a higher and nobler activity—an activity which he recognized to be the one thing that really matters—namely, the persistent effort to try to grow always into a more conscious union with the Master.

About the beginning of September it became plain that his end could not be far off. His cheeffulness continued unabated. His patience was a marvel to all who were near him. His submission to the will of God was so perfect and unquestioning that those who witnessed it said to themselves that it must be a special reward—even in the present time—given by the Giver of all good gifts to those who serve Him for a lifetime. With the true passion of the saint, he kept on praying during his last days that God would make the cross of his infirmities just a little bit more heavy, and the crown of thorns just a little more sharp. So when he died, full of years as of merit, a sweet smile, such as we see on the faces of God's saints, lit up his large, honest, kindly countenance as with a glow.

To the parishioners of St. Benedict, Loyd was during his lifetime a model and an example. Everybody loved him because everybody could see that he was a chosen soul. The priests who ministered in the church held him in the highest respect, because to them he was a living example of the refining, supernaturalizing power of the Catholic faith. And perhaps here and there throughout the land there is some priest who will remember having been ministered to while on a journey by an angel in disguise—one whom we feel we may rightly call what we have dared to call him in the title of the brief sketch—a saint of the Pullman car.—

At the Altar's Foot

In the twilight, as I kneel,
Heavenly thoughts around me steal;

In the silence, all alone
Save for Jesus on His throne.

And the worries of the day
All dissolve and fade away.

At the altar's foot I lay
Every burden of the day,
With its failures and its fears,

With its trials and its tears,—
Deeds repented, deeds undone
From the rise to set of sun.

Every sorrow may grow sweet,
Meekly borne at Jesus' feet;
Stings of tribulation cease
In the shadow of His peace;
So my burden every day
At the altar's foot I lay.

H. WILLIS.



Rev. Arnold Janssen,
Founder of the Missionary Society of the Divine Word

Religion is Free

Told by Rev. Fr. Gerard, O. F. M.

On my regular tour of the missions, I was in the desert region between Mesa and Salt River, Arizona. After skirting the foot of the Santa Anna mountains for about 15 miles, I perceived in the distance some one approaching me on horseback. As he drew nearer, I saw that he was a cowboy. He awaited me at the crossroad, and greeted me with a cheerful and hearty "Good Morning!" by the way of introduction, and then inquired whether I had just come from the Indian Reservation. I answered in the affirmative.

"Well if you have no objections, I would like to ride with you in your wagon," he continued, "for I haven't spoken to a white man in two weeks."

"You are welcome," I replied, quite pleased to have company on my lonely journey through the desert. He at once dismounted, and putting a lasso about his horse's neck, took a seat beside me. As

we rode along, he told me much of his life's story. Just then he was looking up some 37 head of cattle that had gone astray, on account of the drinking and gambling of some of his shiftless comrades. We had traveled together for about two miles, when we noticed a man coming out of an old dilapidated hut, built of knotty planks, which were sadly weather-beaten and warped. My cowboy companion recognized the man as a colored homesteader of that region, whom he had met for the first time some two weeks previously. I saw at a glance that the stranger was a happy-go-luck, good-natured fellow from the sunny South. Jerking his old slouch hat from his woolly head, he greeted us with a most cordial "Top ob the mornin't 'you, gen'lmen!" and then planted himself directly in front of my team, so that we were forced to halt. He, too, was anxious to talk, "for I hab'nt had a talk with no one but my ol' big Missouri mule, Josiah, for many a day," he declared, showing in his face the evident pleasure of having met someone.

"Where are yo headed for this mornin', my good men?" he asked. The cowboy replied that he was on a stray cattle expedition and asked "Happy"—as our Colored friend was called in the neighborhood—whether he had not seen the cattle roaming about.

"No sir, Boss, I nebber seen them cattle and I hopes I nebber will. For what they do to ma barley-patch over yonder?" and "Happy" pointed to his little field of barley, that was now yellowing to the harvest and which bid fair to repay the labor he spent on it. Turning from the cowboy, our friend began to "size me up," for he had never seen me before. As my suit was completely hidden under the long duster I wore, he did not recognize me as a priest, and noticing several travelling bags in the wagon, he supposed I was some sort of commercial traveller.

"An' what are yo peddling, Boss?" he asked, coming over to my side of the wagon. I told him that I was the Cathloic missionary in charge of the Indians on the Reservation.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "Yo are one of dem der ministers, preachin' the gospel to the Indians! Well, I declare!"

"Yes, I am a Catholic priest, and go about from mission to mission and preach the gospel to the Indians," I replied. The bread and butter question, which was the supreme question with our good friend, prompted his next query. "Say, Mr. Priest, what's yo'r salary for preaching the gospel?"

"Why, I get nothing for my labors, nor do I expect any remuneration here below." "What? All for charity? All for nothing?" he interrupted. "Yes, all for nothing. I get absolutely nothing, no pay for my services to the Indians."

"Ah, gwan! Don't the Gobberment gib yo something for preaching to them Indians?"

"Not a cent."

Happy was completely dumbfounded. He shook his head and said: "Well, I never in ma life heard that before. Why, that's nice!"

Then there was a moment's silence. Again his face shone up as his busy brain found another question. "That's all very well, all for charity but, a-but-a-who supplies yo with the pok chops?" he asked smilingly.

"To be true, Happy," I replied, "I have never yet seen pork chops at any of the missions, much less eaten any. Yet, I have always plenty to eat. The good Indians share with me their beans and tortillas, and even their beef, when they have it, and they furnish my horses with hay. So you see I am well provided for."

Happy looked at me with eyes as big as saucers. This information had almost taken his breath away. After shaking his head incredibly for some time, he managed to stammer:

"Well, well, well! Ah never heard that before in ma life. Say, Mr. Priest, you are the fust man I ever met that aint a-working for money. Why, that is very nice."

"I may be the first one you've ever met, Happy," I returned, "but, thank God, I am not the only one. There are hundreds and thousands of other Catholic priests and also Brothers and Sisters that are doing the same thing."

"Why, that's fine, really fine," he answered. "But I'll tell you right here, Captain, it's not that way in the other churches. Ah had a chance to find that out fo ma self. Yo see, I am a kind of crossbreed in re-

ligion. Ma father was a Baptist and ma mother a Methodist, and so I just got a kind o' toe-hold on bof. But I found religion kind 'a expensive like, and so I 'just moved out here whar it don't cost me nothin'. When I went to a church a while back, they told me that religion was free. But I had hardly set down com'fibly in ma bench, when round came that skillet and the collection-elder cried out, 'Come on now, bred-dren and sistahs, put in that nice quartah, put in that fine dollah! Ah gave ma friend setting next me a nudge with ma elbow, and said: 'Wha, I thought religion was free here? 'The parson hearin' ma complaint, made an explanation. 'Now look here, ma brother,' says he. Religion am free, free as water in Phoenix. Yo can go anywhere an' get yo water for nothing, but when yo have it nicely piped to yo house, wid a nice faucet on the pipe, so that yo can get it widout any trouble, why, then yo have to pay for it. Jest so wid religion. Religion am free, but when I bring it to yo and arrange it nicely for yo convenience, why then it costs yo a little.' Well, I don't know how that am, but I came away out here in the desert, where religion don't cost me nothing, and ah feel happy."

After this long story, Happy paused a while for breath. Then, looking up to me, he said with a smile: "But say, Mr. Priest, ah don't think ah'd like to have yo job anyway. I wouldn't mind being a presiding-elder though, for then I'd make the congregation fill that skillet jest 'bout respectable, jest 'bout half full. Still," and Happy began scratching his head behind the ear, "whether all dem presiding-elders am going to hebben—ah don't know."

This remark he made shrugging his shoulders and squinting comically. But noticing that the cowboy was not at all interested in what was so extremely interesting to him, Happy thought it advisable to put an end to his questions.

"Well, Mr. Priest," he said, doffing his ragged hat again, "I am mighty glad to hab seen yo. I know yo wish me luck, and I wish you good luck in yo'r berry fine work. I hopes yo folks will stop in and have dinnah with me, whenever yo come around again. I habn't got much, but when yo'se come, mah shanty is yo'rs. Well, good mornin', gemmen, good mornin'!"

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Why Not Confess to God Alone

"A non-Catholic friend asked me, some time ago, why we cannot confess our sins to God alone instead of telling them to a priest in the confessional? What should I have answered?"

You might have asked him a few questions like, the following, says the Catholic Bulletin, of St. Paul, Minn., in answer to the above question: Why cannot one be baptized by God directly instead of by a minister? Why cannot one be confirmed by God instead of by a bishop? Why cannot one receive Communion from the hands of Christ Himself instead of from those of a priest? Why cannot one hear the gospel preached by Christ Himself rather than by a preacher? Why cannot one learn the truths of divine revelation from God Himself without reading a Bible or accepting the teachings of a Church? Or, to apply the same rule to civil life: Why cannot a citizen pay his taxes to the governor? Why cannot the soldier receive his orders from the king or president? Why cannot all children be taught by the State superintendent of schools? If such were the manner of performing these things, few of them would be performed at all; so, if you ask your friend how often he has confessed his sins to God alone, he will not need to be an expert in figures to tell you. You, as a Catholic, however, are confessing to God continually. Every time you say the Confiteor in your daily prayers you confess to God; every time you make your examination of conscience, which probably occurs each evening, you confess to God; every time you go to confession you begin by saying, if not the entire Confiteor, at least "I confess to Almighty God and to you, Father." The claim to confess to God alone is as old trick. Fifteen hundred years ago St. Augustine said: "Let no one say to himself, do penance to God in private, I do it before God. Is it then in vain that Christ hath said, 'Whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven?' Is it in vain that the keys have been given to the Church? Do we make void the gospel: void the words of Christ?" When Our Lord

granted to His apostles the power of forgiving or retaining sins, He thereby instituted the sacrament of penance for the remission of all grievous sins committed after baptism. It is undoubtedly His will that all Christians should receive this sacrament. Its reception, in a rational manner, however, is impossible without confession.

Diverse Reasons Why People Join the Catholic Church

Men join the Catholic Church from the most diverse and sometimes seemingly contradictory reasons, said the Very Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P., in a sermon in the Philadelphia Cathedral on March 29. One class is drawn to her by her beauty, attracted by the sweetness of her music and the eloquence of her ritual; some, like Overbeck, paint themselves into Catholicity, or build themselves into her spiritual temple, like Pugin. St. Peter's, at Rome, has made many converts. Multitudes are made Catholics by studying history, some by scientific study of nature; multitudes again, by the plain words of Scripture. Not a few are attracted by Catholic charity. "Why do you want to be baptized?" inquired a chaplain in a Catholic hospital of a dying tramp who had asked for baptism. "Because I want to die in the same religion as that woman with the big white bonnet that's been nursing me." I once met a sailor who, though he could not read and write, had argued himself into the Church and had been a fervent convert for several years. "What made you a Catholic?" I asked him, "Oh, sailing all about the world" was his answer—a sailor's way of acquiring the idea of the universal. I once received a hard-headed old Yankee into the Church who affirmed that he had been converted by reading the Boston Pilot. Some come in to do penance, driven by the sense of guilt into refuges, like La Trappe. But I know men who have joined the Church from consciousness of innocence, revolting from the Protestant doctrine of total depravity; the innocence of childhood is happy in the Catholic Church.

Meantime not a few philosophers become Catholics, like Brownson and Ward. Father

Hecker once told me that the study of the social problem started him from religious skepticism toward Catholic faith. Frederick Lucas affirmed that he became a Catholic because he was a logical Quaker. Donoso Cortez came back from infidelity because the Church was the bulwark of conservative political institutions. Frederick Ozanam, on the other hand, took a firmer grip on Catholicity because he was a republican. Pope Leo begins one of his encyclicals with the words, "Liberty is God's greatest gift to man." His letter to the Brazilian Bishops on the abolition of slavery reads like a very radical document.

In fact, all roads lead to Rome, if one travels through the world in search of light, or joy, or brotherhood, and all roads lead away from Rome if traveled for isolation or for contention. The centripetal force of intellectual and moral humanity is Catholic, and the centrifugal force is Protestant, as the names imply.

Is One Church as Good as Another?

There are two views of churches which are current, says the Baptist Standard.

One is that it is an institution of divine origin, governed by laws divinely given. The other that it is an organization which may be changed to meet human exigencies, and that its doctrines and polity may be conformed to the times in which it exists. According to the latter view a church is very little more than a social organization, or a human institution; hence, it makes little difference to what church one belongs. If a wife is Methodist and a husband Baptist and they cannot agree on either one, they can compromise and join the Presbyterians. One church is as good as another. The matter of joining a church is largely a matter of taste or personal preference, just as is membership in the Odd Fellows, or Masons or some other fraternal order. According to the first view, converted men and women should unite with such an organization, not primarily for social or personal reasons, but because loyalty to their Savior and Lord leaves them no alternative. The question to settle in joining the church is not what we like best, or what is expedient, but what is the will of Christ Our Lord.

Saint Joseph Helps

At the beginning of March I gave instructions to my converts on "Why We Pray to the Saints" and why especially to St. Joseph during this month. I related them several examples of how this great Saint answered the prayer of his clients, and then encouraged them to go to Joseph, especially when there are difficulties, for instance, trouble in the family, in sickness, or if they are out of work. I told them to pray to him with confidence and devotion, have a Novena before his festival, on which day the Saint seemed more inclined to hear our prayers, as St. Teresa assures us.

Now, on Sunday morning after Mass one of them came up with a smiling face and said: "Father, you were right. St. Joseph helps a man if he is in need, and prays to him well. I was in need, and I did pray. You know, I have been out of work for some time. Then got a little work, but far away from home. Now see, after I prayed to St. Joseph I got work right here in town. Yes, St. Joseph helps the poor man if he prays."

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A. HEICK, S. V. D.



The Catholic Church and the Negro

The causes of division among our Protestant brethren are almost innumerable. To say nothing, at this moment, of their disagreements in matters of vital dogma, we have them building up demonstrations on differences as to ritual, administrative policy, etc. And in some cases, we find them set apart by mere geographical lines.

In the South, the race question has been always a source of Protestant disagreement. No really Southern Protestant Congregation, so far as we know, commingles, under the same roof, worshippers, white and black.

The wonder is what certain white Christians, now objecting so strenuously to association with the colored man, even in church, are to do when they reach heaven, if such be the blessed fortune before them. The very spirit of religious exclusiveness which now characterizes them, makes certain the fact that these narrow-minded souls will find, in the celestial realm, men and women of the African race, occupying thrones far higher and more glorious than those which shall be assigned to themselves.

The Catholic Church, on the other hand, shows her unity, shows that she is in fact the Church of God, universal, by her absolute disregard of all these distinctions, which are potent for the disruption of Protestantism. She recognizes in her worship no difference on account of race, or color, or social condition, or of time or place. Within the sacred precincts of her temples, at the feet of her consecrated altars, all worship together; free and bond, rich and poor, white, black, red, brown and yellow. Within her walls all dip into the same holy water fonts, kneel in the same confessionals, and partake of the body and blood of Christ at the same communion rails.

It is strange that the Black People of the United States do not universally recognize the fact that it is in Catholic congregations alone, among all religious assemblages of the South, that the important fact is practically recognized that, in the sight of God, so far at least as color is concerned, all men are equal.

Of course, this has nothing to do with

the social side of this race question; the Church leaving to each of her children the right to determine for himself who are to be his particular friends and associates.

In the West Indies, the Negroes generally observe and appreciate the position which the Catholic Church holds, and has held, with regard to themselves. They know that, within the portals of her churches, their rights as human beings, made in the image of God, have been always scrupulously respected.

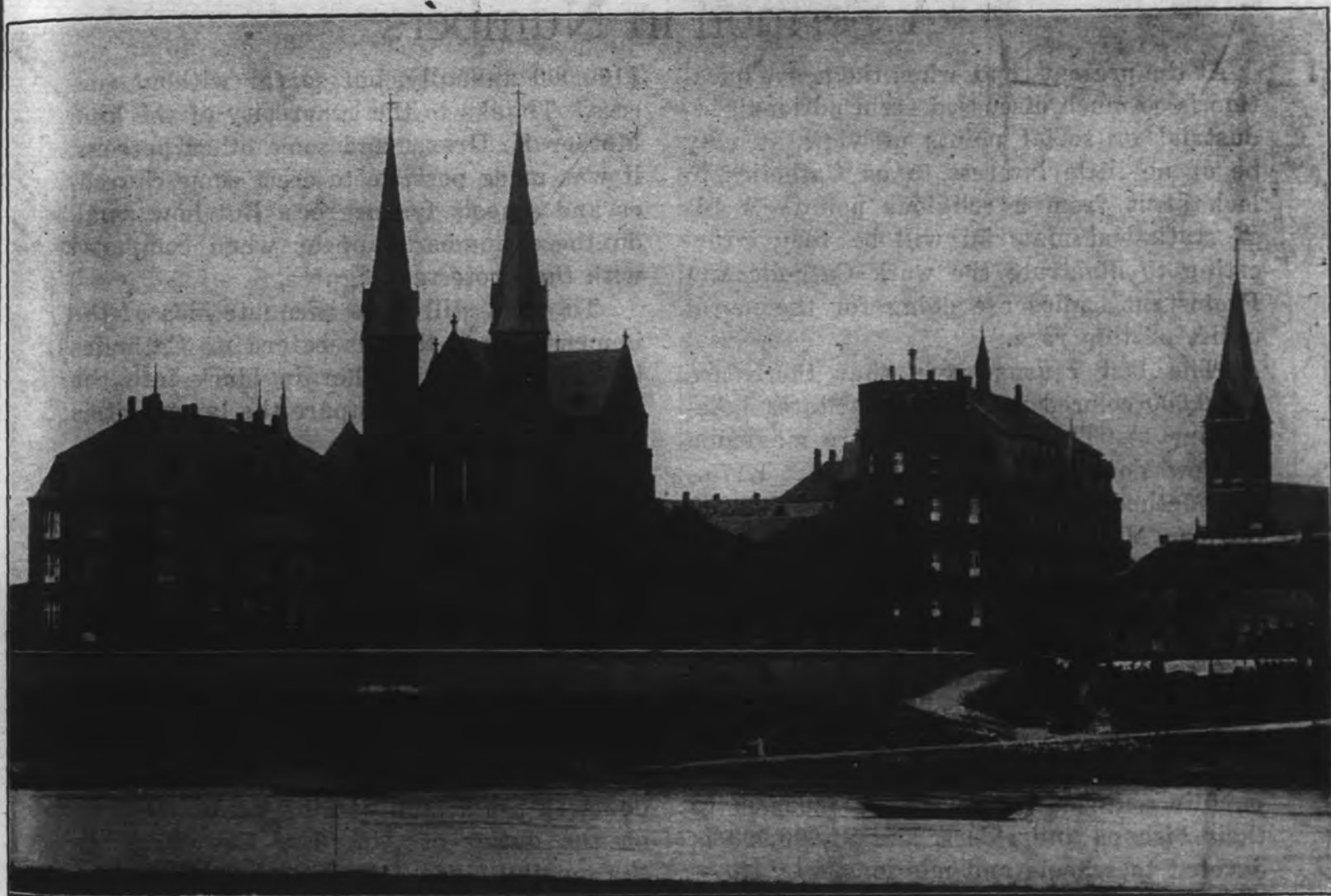
The most prominent citizen of Negro blood that Cuba has ever known, General Juan Gualberto Gomez, some years ago (1900), on occasion of the opening in Havana of a Catholic School for colored children, had, among other things, this to say on our particular subject:

"Father Aurelia was in part right in saying that the Negro race had received neither assistance nor counsel in its journey through the desert, but in part only, for it is due to the truth to say that, in the desert of slavery, the colored race found one grand oasis, that was within the precincts of the Church, where, in the days of the greatest opprobrium and the greatest oppression, the negro could consider himself the equal of the white. In all my vicissitudes of thought there has been one thing in which I have never vacillated, and that is my profound respect for the Catholic Church of Cuba, whether Spanish or not, for having been eminently unbiased in a land of prejudices and inequalities. In Cuba, now, as in the past, whites and blacks have the same church, the same altar, the same priest. In the days of my infancy, when my old African grandmother carried me in her arms to the temple, we there congregated, masters and slaves, and the prejudices which dominated the life of Society dared not enter within the shadow of the Church. In reply to those politicians who ask why I am here, let me say it is because of the love I have for the independence of my country; and as often as the Reverend Bishop does anything that is for the good of my country, so often shall I applaud the enterprise and be willing to aid him therein."

The Crucifix

We know a widow who, in the bleak days that followed her greatest bereavement, found consolation, comfort, security, through all the empty lonely nights of her long sorrow, in one dear and precious thing—her crucifix. "It was like a dagger to me in the night to protect me!" she has said. "I would lie wakeful, while the children slept, holding it against my heart;

resurrection." Ah, but the Calvaries we must all mount wearily and painfully before we reach the glory of our resurrections. And it is as we mount our Calvaries, it is while we suffer and toil and moil, that we have need of the crucifix. What a fountain of strength and consolation it is, this image of the loving Savior suffering all, enduring all, teaching us how to suf-



Steyl, Birthplace of the Society of the Divine Word

and I would fall asleep with it grasped in my hand. It was arms and armor and safety to me."

It would be hard to imagine a Catholic home without a crucifix in it, a Catholic home where devotion to our crucified Savior is not practiced. Sacred pictures there should be in our homes, and other articles of devotion; but first, and above all, a crucifix. "Why do you Catholics always have that image before you?" a good Protestant of our acquaintance once asked. "I always like to think of Jesus in His

fer and endure. It is surcease in pain, it is balm and oil to wounded hearts; to souls made barren by grief it brings

"The gift of tears, sweet as the gift of song;"

it waters their arid wastes and makes the flowers of patience and resignation bloom where only a bitterness spread like a blight before. To the heart emptied of tears it brings the pure refreshing dew of new hopes and new ideals.

And then, in the hour of temptation, in the moment of sin, O what magic has

been wrought by the sight, the touch, of the crucifix! Like a sudden light in the darkness, like a harbor light when the night is full of "cries of wreck upon the roaring deep," it bursts like a beacon before the harassed soul, and with its cry of mercy, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" it reaches out, it saves, it shields and shelters and enfolds.

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Whole diocese.		Catholics.
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Fellow-Catholics, we are bound to help, we are challenged to go into the battefield and raise, like Moses, our arms to heaven in prayer for the conversion of this race. It is a National and Catholic problem which we have to solve by prayer and alms. We hear the cry, the wail of these millions at our very door, and what shall we do? Is that cry to find in us, in a brother's heart, a response?

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An Appeal from the Commission for the Negro and Indian Missions in the United States

DEAR BRETHREN:—

Once every year we appeal to you for funds to carry on the work of instructing and converting the Indian and Negro of our land.

Whilst deeply appreciating all that you have done in the past, we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that the needs of these Missions will be more generously heeded by priests and people alike in the year 1916 than ever before. We mention the clergy for a special reason.

The success of any Catholic undertaking depends largely upon the zeal which the parish priest throws into it. None so well as bishops realize how sorely the clergy are burdened with appeals for various charitable purposes and how much they dislike constantly to be drawing upon the generosity of their faithful flocks. Still, because of the supreme importance of reaching and saving the immortal souls of the Indian and the Negro, in the name of Christ and for His sake, we implore every pastor in the country, no matter how many or how great the debts he has to shoulder, wholeheartedly to present to the laity under his charge the pressing needs of these Christ-like Missions. If this be done, then, are we confident that the collection for the Indian and Negro Missions will be a banner one in the year 1916.

For well we know how the Catholic layman will respond to any appeal which his pastor impresses upon him as of unusual importance. This is really an Apostolic work. "Go, preach the Gospel to every creature," is just as binding upon the followers of Christ today as it was 1900 years ago. To do this adequately we need Missionaries and means. Of the former we have not enough by far. But what we lack in number of devoted priests, nuns and brothers who are consecrating life and its energies to bringing the light of faith to benighted souls, is, in a measure, made up by the enthusiasm which they everywhere manifest. In their superbly Christian lives the Catholic Church has what is not in the power of gold to purchase. Their splendid example of self-

sacrifice wins converts where the salaried agent would fail utterly.

Yet whilst asking nothing for themselves save the food they eat, the clothing they wear and the roof which shelters them, they are always hampered by the lack of funds in their burning desire to instruct in the things that appertain to God. Here they are distinctly at a disadvantage when contrasted with the men who labor in the interest of the various sects.

When any Protestant Missionary Society sends out its call for means upon which to base its activities, immediately there is the donation of a fortune by some philanthropic capitalist. If our Catholic Missionaries had at their disposal anything like the sum cheerfully contributed to Sec-tarian Organizations, the amount of good they would accomplish thereby is simply incalculable.

Like all Catholic works, this, too, depends almost entirely upon the generosity of the faithful in the middle and the poorer classes of society. These in every parish are vastly in the majority. To these we appeal with the assurance that now, as in the days of the Apostles, they will give liberally for the spread of Christianity. The widow's mite, the day laborer's piece of silver, the skilled workman's dollar, the clerk's humble offering, all seem small in themselves, but when added to like contributions heartily donated in every parish of an immense country, they will amount to a sum which will gladden the noble bands of Missionaries amongst the Indian and negro races; will bring many souls into the true fold; and will draw upon every contributor the blessing of Him who issued the command: "Go, preach the Gospel to every creature."

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY,
Archbishop of New York

EDMOND F. PRENDERGAST,
Archbishop of Philadelphia.

THE Colored Messenger



A MAGAZINE EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE
OF THE COLORED MISSIONS

* * *

MISSION PRESS, TECHNY, ILLINOIS

Issued
Quarterly

JUNE, 1916

Volume 1
Number 2

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

Send your subscription to the mission from which the "Colored Messenger" is mailed to you.

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This is the Vicksburg-Number. Read article and news on page 29

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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE NEGRO MISSIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD

Volume I

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Rev. P. J. Wendel, S.V.D., Editor, 1914-18th Ave., Meridian, Miss.

The Message

We have already received a goodly number of letters commenting on the *Colored Messenger*. All agree that such a magazine was very much needed to bring to the fore the Catholic Colored Missions, and give them the place they justly deserve.

Our Rt. Rev. Bishop has always shown the greatest interest in the Colored Missions of his vast diocese, and the beautiful recommendation he has written for the C. M. is another proof of his zealous care for his Colored Catholic flock.

During the month of June all our Colored schools will close. It is getting very warm in the South, and nothing will be more unpleasant than to sit in school-benches these hot days. The session has been of extraordinary importance insofar, as there were two new schools opened, at Waltersville and at Point Lookout, both in Warren County, Miss. It is a sign that we are moving on. All the other schools have either increased their number of grades or have shown other signs of improvement.

On Easter Monday the Fathers assembled at headquarters in Jackson, Miss., for their annual Easter conference. Among various things discussed was, that in future all our schools should be known as "Catholic Institute." This name will be more appropriate and is more in conformity with the legal title under which we are operating in Mississippi, namely: "Catholic Educational Institute of Mississippi."

Easter, the great festival of regeneration, has added a considerable number of new members to our various churches, the most notable being the increase in Jackson, where Father Heck baptized 36. When we read of St. Francis Xavier and others, that their arms became tired baptizing so many, Father Heck must have felt some of that happy, tired feeling on last Easter Sunday.

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No man is such a conqueror as the man who has defeated himself.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

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This is the Vicksburg-Number. Read article and news on page 29

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The Colored Messenger

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE NEGRO MISSIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD

Volume I

JUNE, 1916

Number 2

Rev. P. J. Wendel, S.V.D., Editor, 1914-18th Ave., Meridian, Miss.

The Message

We have already received a goodly number of letters commenting on the *Colored Messenger*. All agree that such a magazine was very much needed to bring to the fore the Catholic Colored Missions, and give them the place they justly deserve.

Our Rt. Rev. Bishop has always shown the greatest interest in the Colored Missions of his vast diocese, and the beautiful recommendation he has written for the C. M. is another proof of his zealous care for his Colored Catholic flock.

During the month of June all our Colored schools will close. It is getting very warm in the South, and nothing will be more unpleasant than to sit in schoolbenches these hot days. The session has been of extraordinary importance insofar, as there were two new schools opened, at Waltersville and at Point Lookout, both in Warren County, Miss. It is a sign that we are moving on. All the other schools have either increased their number of grades or have shown other signs of improvement.

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A few Minutes with the Missionary

St. Mary's, Vicksburg, Miss.

Lenten time has passed, a time of penance, a time of blessing. Complying with the regulations of the Natchez Diocese, there was at St. Mary's every Wednesday and Sunday night a Lenten sermon and on Fridays the Way of the Cross. All services were well attended, especially by the men, the faithful Knights of Peter Claver.

To all indications Easter should show some good fruit of Lent, and so it did. Holy Thursday all the children and a great many of the adults went to Holy Communion. But the culmination was reached on Easter Sunday, when both Masses found the pews crowded. It was a sight that the angels in heaven would envy to behold, when the K. of P. C. in a body marched to the Holy Table. Many a tear rolled down the cheeks of the older members on seeing such a splendid body of men lining up for the Holy Banquet; for they, who had witnessed the dark and gloomy days at St. Mary's Mission, could hardly believe their eyes, that God's grace had performed such striking miracles.

Father Steinhauer is continuously lamenting that his chapel is too small for the crowds, that come to church on Sundays—a lamentation which we call a holy one, longing for the things to come. We sincerely hope he will gather enough bricks this year to enable him to put up a spacious temple in honor of the Mother of God.

REV. J. J. STEINHAUER, S. V. D.,

Jackson & Second North St.,

Vicksburg, Miss.

Holy Ghost Mission, Jackson, Miss.

THEY CAME TO ADORE HIM!

Yes, they came out in full number, Catholics and non-Catholics, on Holy Thursday, to adore their Savior in the mystery of His love. When I opened the church door at 5:30 in the morning, I found some people already waiting. They were strangers to me. When I asked for the reason of their coming to our church so early in the morning, one of them told me: "Father, we are Methodists, but during Holy Week,

we go to the Catholic Church to see their services."

The missionary among this people is, therefore, doing well in carrying out the ceremonies of Holy Week properly and in instructing the people on the meaning thereof. As a rule, the Colored show a great interest and liking in Bible and Church services. This is especially true in everything concerning the Lord's Supper and the passion of Christ. Knowing this fact, as I do, we tried to have everything solemn at this occasion. We instructed the children and told them to be there in a body on time for Highmass and procession. We have a regular attendance of 265 by this time, and almost all of them were there. They came to adore Him. And most remarkable, two-thirds of them being non-Catholics. Yet they all were united today like the one fold under one Shepherd, as the Master wants us to be.

After Highmass the children with their teachers took their turn in the hours of adoration appointed for the different classes. The children told me afterwards, they liked that very much. People, too, came to tell me that they were edified with what they had seen and heard.

No doubt, the Savior, dwelling with us in the mystery of His love, was also pleased with the homage these Colored children paid Him, on the day when He gave Himself to us, His body to eat and His blood to drink, that we may have life through Him. No doubt, He was pleased with the efforts they made to show their faith, and with the sacrifices they brought. Some had to walk 4 to 5 miles.

As we celebrated the great mysteries of our holy faith during the last days of Holy Week with prayer and songs according to the Rites of our Holy Church, in a place where only a few years ago nothing was known of the religion that Christ was come to establish. May we not hope with full confidence that ostentations like these will bring blessings on those children, on their homes, and on those who are helping to provide for the means that the kingdom of Christ may be erected among those who still are in darkness and sin?

The joyous festival of Easter again brought an increase to our little band of Catholic soldiers. A goodly number came up for instruction by this time. Thirty-five of them were found worthy to be received into the Church, most of them children of our school. They are well examined before being admitted. Their home conditions, the creed of their parents, the zeal and the character of the applicant, and many more such things come into consideration. Children, of course, all like to be baptized. They hate to be called heathen. In many cases it is difficult to get the consent of their parents. Many of them, really, good children, have been waiting and asking and praying for their parents' permission for more than a year. Yet their prayers have so far not been answered. They are saying our Catholic prayers, keeping the Fridays, and are attending our services on Sunday. If they only persevere! They surely will be rewarded and gain the final victory in the battle.

—o—

There is a rather amusing story connected with Easter and the baptizing this year. Little Josephine is frequently attending our services on Sunday in company with her two larger sisters, who recently joined the Church. The little girl, too, wants to be a Catholic. Her parents being Protestants thought her as yet too young. They must have been talking of the different ways of baptizing, whether going into the pool or sprinkling or pouring the water on the head, was the correct thing to do. Thus the child had some knowledge about the matter.

Now it so happened on Easter Sunday that they entered the church during the "Vidi Aquam" (the "sprinkling" they say)—the first time the child ever saw that part of the service. She was overjoyed at being partaker in this blessing, and on her way home she expressed her joy about her "being baptized."

"How so?" said one of her sisters. "There was no baptizing this morning, but there will be this evening." "Well," replied little sister, "did not Father go around with two altar boys when we entered the church to sprinkle the people?"

REV. P. HEICK, S. V. D.,
Bell and Blair Strs, Jackson, Miss.



Holy Ghost Church, Jackson, Miss., on the day of its dedication

P. S. We would be very grateful to the friends of our Missions for lending us their assistance in getting many subscribers to the COLORED MESSENGER. All for the honor of God and the spreading of His kingdom!

St. Joseph's, Meridian, Miss.

The arrival of the first issue of the COLORED MESSENGER was quite a surprise to the people of this section, for no one had an idea of the birth of our young fellow. Everybody fell in love with him; but we hope it will not prove "love at first sight is not stable."

If there is such a thing as overjoyed happiness, St. Joseph's certainly was witness of it on Easter. Crowded pews, crowded Communion-rails and a big baptism class, were the cause of all that "joyful noise." "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord," says the Psalmist. We baptized 6 grown people and 8 children. The choir, under the leadership of Miss M. Mason, sang the beautiful, harmonious Mass in B Flat by Farmer. "Father," said an old negro, who had come 4 miles on horseback to assist at Mass, "it makes a man feel good to belong to the Catholic Church, when he sees all this beautiful service."

On Easter Monday the Young Women Catholic Association had a very successful "Old Folks Concert," which was much enjoyed and reflected high credit on the young ladies.

It is a perfidious slur that is sometimes thrown into the face of the Catholic Church that she is too narrow in her views. Now

what about the following incident, that happened here not long ago. Some Catholic children were playing in the street with some Baptist children, when an old deaconess came up and told them, not to play with those sinners, meaning the Catholic children. On another occasion our cow was grazing on her property, and the charitable deaconess untied the animal so that it might get into the hands of the poundman, saying that she would not allow the cow of sinners to eat the grass of the righteous. We relate this instance to show the narrow-mindedness of some people; and still they claim the Catholic Church is narrow. Poor blinded creatures!

We hope all who have read the *COLORED MESSENGER* will stick and get some more to subscribe.

REV. P. J. WENDEL, S.V.D.

1914—18th Ave., Meridian, Miss.

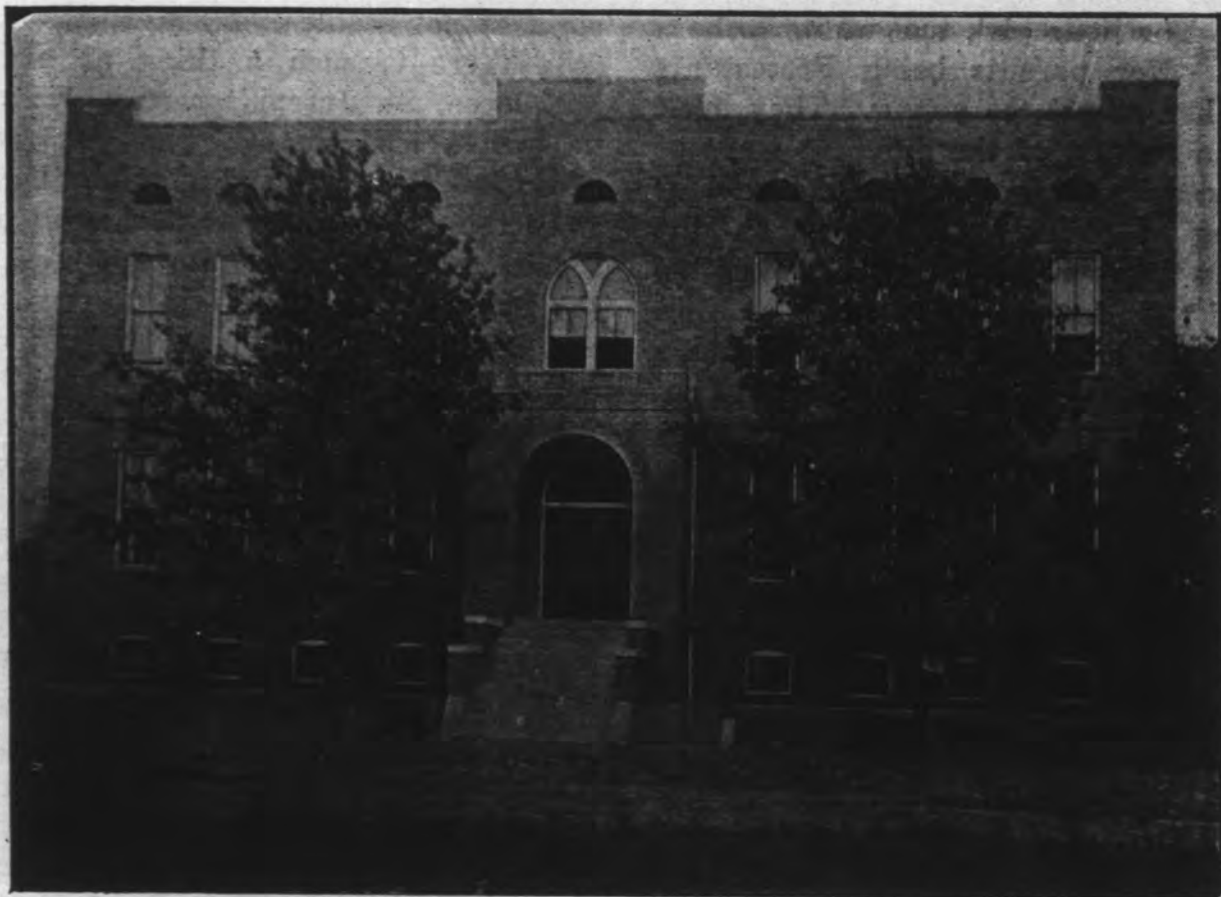
St. Bartholomew's, Little Rock, Ark.

Father Hoenderop writes most interestingly of the Confirmation that took place at St. Bartholomew's on Low Sunday. Low Sunday was a day of great rejoicing

for the pastor and the members of St. Bartholomew's congregation, a day which has impressed itself indelibly upon the hearts and memories of the Colored Catholic population of Little Rock.

Our beloved Bishop, the Rt. Rev. John B. Morris, D. D., honored us with his official visit and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 27 members of the parish, 7 adults, 8 boys, and 12 girls. The ceremonies began at 3:30 p. m., when His Lordship, assisted by the pastor and the V. Rev. W. H. Aretz, Chancellor of the diocese and the visiting clergy, were solemnly conducted to the church, which had been tastefully decorated in purple and white.

In addressing himself to the confirmees and to the congregation as a whole, the Bishop dwelled upon the necessity of leading a good life, in harmony with the laws of God and of the Church, which of itself would serve to draw the attention of the non-Catholics to the efficiency of the Church of Christ and compel them to heed the example given. He laid especial stress upon attendance at Holy Mass and the frequency of the Holy Eucharist as the infallible force leading to sanctity and true happiness.



The Catholic Institute at Little Rock, Ark.

Little Rock is the only place where our Sisters have no convent, but are living in 2 rooms of the schoolhouse, certainly a great sacrifice for the nuns during these hot Southern days. We hope the day is not far off when they will have a little home, the only comfort they can call their own, after long and trying hours in the classrooms. They surely deserve it.

REV. P. J. HOENDEROP, S. V. D.,
1615 W. 16 St., Little Rock, Ark.

Sacred Heart Mission, Greenville, Miss.

In our Greenville Mission we had a joyful and most happy Easter. Eighteen new members were added to our little congregation.

Only four months before Easter I did not expect any baptisms, as then very few non-Catholics only once in a while attended our services on Sundays, and the best among the few who wished to be baptized met with great opposition at home. So I had already decided, or, rather, was resigned to the fact not to have the usual solemn celebration of baptism on this year's Easter, but to wait until God's Almighty grace might move the hearts and change the minds.

When Easter morning came, however, a little after eight o'clock, there were already at our place, among many others, eighteen children, all in new white dresses, ranging from five to fourteen years—a beautiful sight! They had come to heed the invitation of their Lord, who calls especially the little ones, and to be received into His Holy Church by baptism.

Though they all had been instructed for some weeks and were thus well prepared for baptism, I did not believe till this Easter morning that all, without exception, would come to join our Holy Church. Yes, the parents had allowed the children to become Catholics, but some did so with hesitation, almost compelled to consent by the too strong inclination of their children to our Church, and others directly withdrew permission several times. Then efforts were made on a really large scale to draw children away from our school as well as from our Church. Thus, for instance a child was

taken away from our school by her guardians; but they could not destroy in the heart of the child the love for her teachers and her deep, sincere affection for our Holy Church; finally they had to yield to the wishes of the little one, and came themselves, asking that the child be baptized. Also a child of the public school was among the number of those who were baptized. I had not expected it, but it is true that the will of the children is not always so weak, but is able to stand great temptations and to make sacrifices for a good they really love.

The children to be baptized were led in procession into the church, where a new surprise awaited me. All the parents, relatives, and friends of the eighteen children had come to take part in the celebration of the solemn baptism of those near and dear to them, and it was with greatest attention and interest, not to say with hearts deeply touched, that they followed the ceremonies and services of our Holy Church, which many of them saw for the first time. And when after the services I spoke to them, I couldn't tell whether by this solemn baptism, the parents or their children were the happier. A visitor was so impressed by the sight of the children when they entered the church in procession and by the services that followed, that he remarked: "The Catholic Church is the only Church that knows how to educate children."

You see, thus, dear reader, that the work of a missionary much resembles the planting of a tiny tree in hard and rocky soil with, sometimes, little hope that it will grow; but in spite of this he loves the little tree, sees it, and attends to it every day. How glad and happy he feels when in spring the first little leaves come forth. On every one he will see a smile and each one will bid him welcome and tell him of great hopes. Oh, they came so unexpectedly, therefore they will be the dearer to him.

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Sacred Heart Mission, East Gloster Street,
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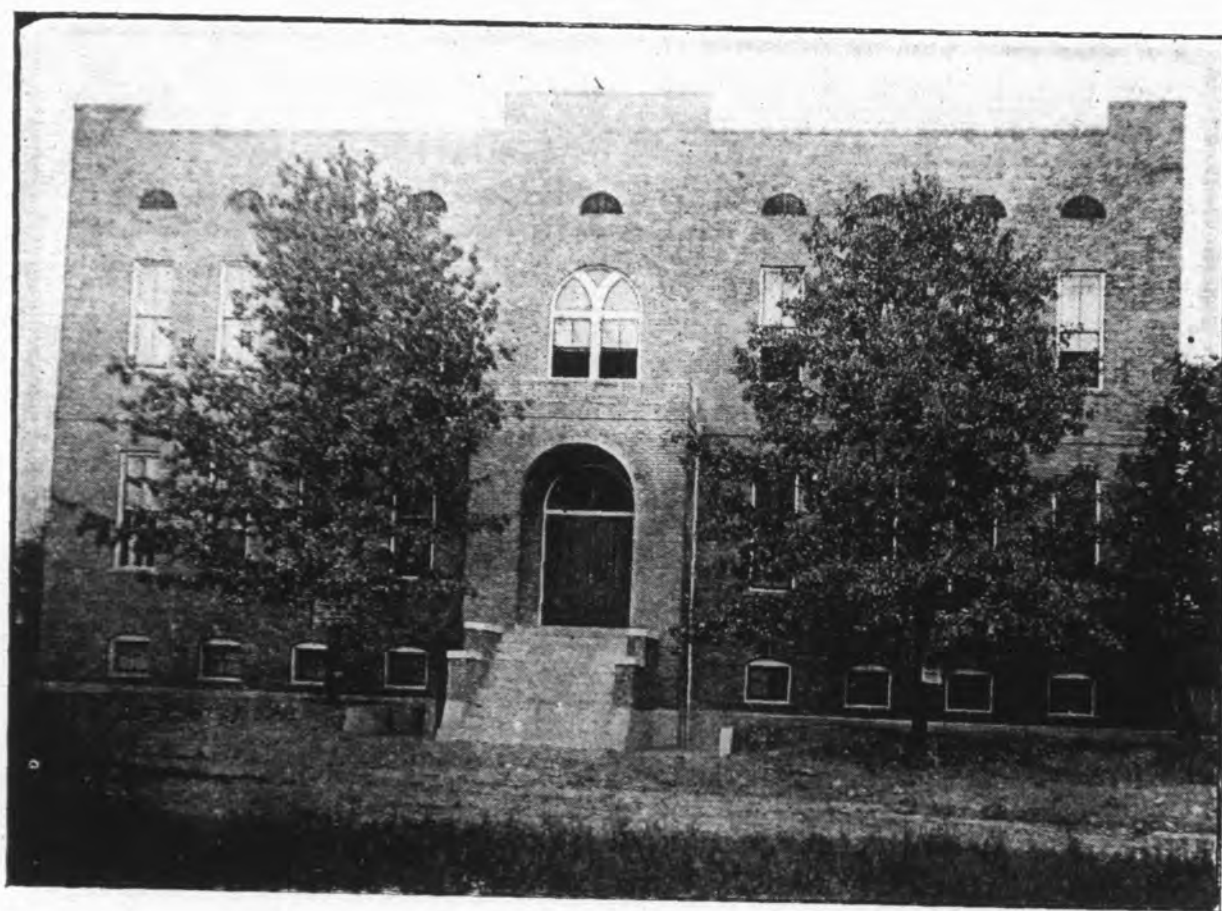
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Blossoms from the Mission Field

The Oldest Negro Saint

The incidents of the Passion of our Savior are not mere incidents. Each has its lesson. He would teach us the duty and necessity of sharing the burden of the cross with Christ in life's journey. All are called, white and black, free and slave. None are exempt. On the way to Calvary it was Simon from Cyrene, in distant Africa, a member of the race of Ham, on whom this supreme honor was conferred.

True, he shrank from it naturally, and was compelled to carry it after Christ; but once he bent his back to the burden, he found it, as we all do, easy and light. The Roman authorities were free to press men and cattle, during an emergency, into the service of the state. Hence their compelling Simon, not out of pity for the bearer of the cross, but because they wished Him to survive, to die on it. Simon, probably, was carrying the wood for preparing the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb—strange coincidence, that the new high priest, carrying the wood on which He should be immolated in the new sacrifice, met Simon the African, carrying wood for the typical sacrifice. He is forced to cast down his load—his own, self-imposed burden, and take on his shoulders the cross of Christ. There was a sacred magnetism in the touch of Jesus; and the loathed cross was raised and carried easily by strength of virtue that went forth from Him, and healed all, even the "accursed tree" of the cross.

What a strange procession wound its way to Calvary: the Roman representatives, the Jews, children of Shem and Asia, Simon the Black, a son of Ham, from the burning sands of Africa, all part of the living stream, trending forward to the sacred mount. Each race furnishes a convert to the new religion of the cross. It is not the lofty or the proud that are chosen, but the poor and lowly. Neither Ananias nor Caiaphas, nor Scribe nor Pharisee, was chosen from amongst the Jews; but the penitent thief. He was the only Jew found worthy that day to enter into the kingdom. Grace was offered to Herod and Pilate; but it was the brave centurion, presiding at the crucifixion, who alone as

the son of Japhet "returned that day to his house justified." And so a lowly African peasant was chosen to replace Christ in carrying His cross. The first Negro-Saint.

Little Julia Mercelite

A little mound of earth in the cemetery just west of the garden at St. Frances' Orphanage at Normandy, Mo., is the only visible reminder of the earthly career of Julia Mercelite, for eight years an inmate of the orphanage conducted by the Oblate Sisters of Providence, a Colored sisterhood. It is a sweet memorial of her wonderfully strong and noble character, and of her happy death seven years ago, both of which are still fresh in the minds and hearts of the Sisters and her youthful companions, who frequently visit her grave and decorate it with flowers.

Julia Mercelite was a humble creature and because of her dwarfed stature was called "Little Julia," although eighteen years at the time of her death.

Her parents, Louis and Margaret X.—, were both natives of Ste. Genevieve, Mo. Neither of them was a practical Catholic, and when Julia and her four-year-old sister were placed in the Orphanage in July, 1899, by their father, after the death of his wife, Julia entertained a bitter prejudice against Catholics, a strong aversion to the true faith, and detested the institution in which she was to be reared.

Julia, however, had a kind and affectionate heart, which yielded to the tender and motherly interest manifested toward her by the Sisters, and the cheerfulness of the children about her. Soon after entering the Orphanage she completely changed her attitude and eagerly grasped the gift of faith, which she cherished to her dying hour.

Julia was baptized in the convent chapel, January 25, 1900, by Rev. Father Stanislaus, Passionist, who was chaplain of the Orphanage.

The seed of piety which had been sown in her young heart had fallen on rich soil, and Julia Mercelite became at once such an enthusiastic Catholic that she became a

model for many of her associates who were born and reared in the faith.

She easily won and held the affection of her companions, and exerted such a beneficent influence over them, that whenever the Sisters were compelled to leave the children for a short time, they felt safe in doing so by placing little Julia in charge, for the other children loved and respected her and were always willing to obey her.

Julia early became devoted to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and eagerly sought every opportunity to assist the Sisters in decorating the altars and the shrines dedicated to her. She took a deep interest in her own devotion, and took great delight in gathering the younger children about her and telling them stories of the Infant Jesus, and warned them not to offend Him by unkind acts and words.

When the working girls would come home on a visit to the Orphanage, Julia would sit and listen in silence at their worldly talk about the good times they enjoyed; when she joined in the conversation, it was always to ask them if they had been faithful to their religious duties.

Julia's constant mindfulness of her duty to God so impressed the Sisters and those who knew her, that they are convinced of the fact that her innocent soul had tasted the sweetness of intercourse with its Creator, and that she had received that tranquillity of spirit that never faded, never palled.

In the summer of 1907 she became a victim of tuberculosis and heart trouble. After awhile she was confined to her bed in the infirmary. During her illness she was visited several times during the week by Rev. Father Sebastian, who came from the Passionist Monastery nearby. On one occasion he had asked Julia if she was suffering much. She said: "Oh, yes, Father; sometimes my pains are very great in my breast and about the heart." He said: "How do you manage to stand it?" She replied: "Well, Father, when pains come they seem very great, but when I think of how our Lord suffered on the cross, I can stand them better." She also told Father Sebastian that after she had learned how our Lord suffered, she promised never to commit a mortal sin.

About the latter part of September she began to fail rapidly. She always longed for the days on which the good chaplain would bring Holy Communion to her. As the Blessed Sacrament was carried to the infirmary, two Sisters carried lighted candles and rang the bell to announce the coming of the "King," while several other Sisters followed the procession.

After the priest had left the infirmary, one Sister would always remain with Julia to assist her in entertaining her Divine



Sister Gabriela of the orphanage of St. Francis at Normandy with 2 little Orphans of her race: Willy and Ina May. The two children are now at Meridian, Miss.

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Blossoms from the Mission Field

The Oldest Negro Saint

The incidents of the Passion of our Savior are not mere incidents. Each has its lesson. He would teach us the duty and necessity of sharing the burden of the cross with Christ in life's journey. All are called, white and black, free and slave. None are exempt. On the way to Calvary it was Simon from Cyrene, in distant Africa, a member of the race of Ham, on whom this supreme honor was conferred.

True, he shrank from it naturally, and was compelled to carry it after Christ; but once he bent his back to the burden, he found it, as we all do, easy and light. The Roman authorities were free to press men and cattle, during an emergency, into the service of the state. Hence their compelling Simon, not out of pity for the bearer of the cross, but because they wished Him to survive, to die on it. Simon, probably, was carrying the wood for preparing the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb—strange coincidence, that the new high priest, carrying the wood on which He should be immolated in the new sacrifice, met Simon the African, carrying wood for the typical sacrifice. He is forced to cast down his load—his own, self-imposed burden, and take on his shoulders the cross of Christ. There was a sacred magnetism in the touch of Jesus; and the loathed cross was raised and carried easily by strength of virtue that went forth from Him, and healed all, even the "accursed tree" of the cross.

What a strange procession wound its way to Calvary: the Roman representatives, the Jews, children of Shem and Asia, Simon the Black, a son of Ham, from the burning sands of Africa, all part of the living stream, trending forward to the sacred mount. Each race furnishes a convert to the new religion of the cross. It is not the lofty or the proud that are chosen, but the poor and lowly. Neither Annas nor Caiphas, nor Scribe nor Pharisee, was chosen from amongst the Jews; but the penitent thief. He was the only Jew found worthy that day to enter into the kingdom. Grace was offered to Herod and Pilate; but it was the brave centurion, presiding at the crucifixion, who alone as

the son of Japhet "returned that day to his house justified." And so a lowly African peasant was chosen to replace Christ in carrying His cross. The first Negro-Saint.

Little Julia Mercelite

A little mound of earth in the cemetery just west of the garden at St. Frances' Orphanage at Normandy, Mo., is the only visible reminder of the earthly career of Julia Mercelite, for eight years an inmate of the orphanage conducted by the Oblate Sisters of Providence, a Colored sisterhood. It is a sweet memorial of her wonderfully strong and noble character, and of her happy death seven years ago, both of which are still fresh in the minds and hearts of the Sisters and her youthful companions, who frequently visit her grave and decorate it with flowers.

Julia Mercelite was a humble creature and because of her dwarfed stature was called "Little Julia," although eighteen years at the time of her death.

Her parents, Louis and Margaret X.—, were both natives of Ste. Genevieve, Mo. Neither of them was a practical Catholic, and when Julia and her four-year-old sister were placed in the Orphanage in July, 1899, by their father, after the death of his wife, Julia entertained a bitter prejudice against Catholics, a strong aversion to the true faith, and detested the institution in which she was to be reared.

Julia, however, had a kind and affectionate heart, which yielded to the tender and motherly interest manifested toward her by the Sisters, and the cheerfulness of the children about her. Soon after entering the Orphanage she completely changed her attitude and eagerly grasped the gift of faith, which she cherished to her dying hour.

Julia was baptized in the convent chapel, January 25, 1900, by Rev. Father Stanislaus, Passionist, who was chaplain of the Orphanage.

The seed of piety which had been sown in her young heart had fallen on rich soil, and Julia Mercelite became at once such an enthusiastic Catholic that she became a

model for many of her associates who were born and reared in the faith.

She easily won and held the affection of her companions, and exerted such a beneficent influence over them, that whenever the Sisters were compelled to leave the children for a short time, they felt safe in doing so by placing little Julia in charge, for the other children loved and respected her and were always willing to obey her.

Julia early became devoted to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and eagerly sought every opportunity to assist the Sisters in decorating the altars and the shrines dedicated to her. She took a deep interest in her own devotion, and took great delight in gathering the younger children about her and telling them stories of the Infant Jesus, and warned them not to offend Him by unkind acts and words.

When the working girls would come home on a visit to the Orphanage, Julia would sit and listen in silence at their worldly talk about the good times they enjoyed; when she joined in the conversation, it was always to ask them if they had been faithful to their religious duties.

Julia's constant mindfulness of her duty to God so impressed the Sisters and those who knew her, that they are convinced of the fact that her innocent soul had tasted the sweetness of intercourse with its Creator, and that she had received that tranquillity of spirit that never faded, never palled.

In the summer of 1907 she became a victim of tuberculosis and heart trouble. After awhile she was confined to her bed in the infirmary. During her illness she was visited several times during the week by Rev. Father Sebastian, who came from the Passionist Monastery nearby. On one occasion he had asked Julia if she was suffering much. She said: "Oh, yes, Father; sometimes my pains are very great in my breast and about the heart." He said: "How do you manage to stand it?" She replied: "Well, Father, when pains come they seem very great, but when I think of how our Lord suffered on the cross, I can stand them better." She also told Father Sebastian that after she had learned how our Lord suffered, she promised never to commit a mortal sin.

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her, much surprised at the remark; Julia then said: "Sister, the Blessed Mother is with me when you are away, that is why I wished you had not come back so soon."

Early in October she began to grow worse. One evening about half past eight o'clock, just as the Sisters had finished night prayers, the infirmarian went over to the convent and told the Superior she thought Julia seemed to be much worse, and was afraid she would not live until morning. The Superior had asked to be called when Julia's end was near, for she wanted to be present at the hour of her death. When the Superior entered the room, the dear girl was lying perfectly conscious and calm; she had been prepared for death early that day by receiving the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction.

In about ten minutes she opened her eyes and said: "Mother, why do you sit here by me; why don't you go to bed?" The Superior said: "Well, I thought I would come over tonight and spend a while with my little girl." Julia said: "Do not sit up with me, Mother; I am not going until 3 o'clock." The Superior sent the infirmarian in the adjoining room to rest a while, and she took charge of Julia for the rest of the night.

The Superior asked Julia if she wanted to die. She replied: "Yes, the Blessed Virgin has promised to take me to heaven." After one o'clock Julia's agony began and

she became delirious at times. The Sister sprinkled her bed with holy water and recited prayers for the dying. She grew weaker and weaker all the time, and at 20 minutes to three o'clock she passed away quietly and peaceably.

It is customary for the orphans to carry the remains of their deceased companions to the St. Ann's cemetery, at the rear of the orphanage proper. Each child hoped to be the privileged one to assist in bearing the remains of their beloved companion to its last resting-place.

Holy Mass was said in the morning and the funeral took place at three o'clock in the afternoon. Six girls carried the coffin to the cemetery. After the interment a large spray of flowers was placed on her grave by her companions.

One Sunday afternoon, late in November, after Benediction, two Sisters and several of the children went to the cemetery to visit the children's graves, and gather a few pretty autumn leaves. When they arrived at the orphan's lot, they were much surprised that the flowers on Little Julia's grave were still fresh. They were not only fresh, but they had the appearance of flowers when growing, and it was not until the heavy snow of winter came that the flowers withered and died.

(From: "Blossoms gathered from the Lower Branches.")

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill,
To get a ham sandwich;
Going over a fence
Jill lost ten cents,
And Jack used awful langwich.

*

Big Joe Horner
Sat on a corner,
Oh, he had loads of wheat!
Then, a little rumble,
Prices took a tumble,
And Joe's finish was neat.

*

Little Tommy Tucker,
Singing for his supper,
What shall he eat?

White bread, but—aw, there ain't a
thing that rimes with the price
of butter!

*

I had a little auto,
And I felt very gay;
I took a trip to Bingville,
Just thirty miles away;
I flew along the sand,
I scooted through the mire,
I was surely going some,
When bang! went a tire.
The agent said it wouldn't! Just,—
(How I longed to strike the
lyre)—
Surely, I was sore at heart,
But glad that Jinks had dappled
greys to hire.



St. Mary's Convent, Vicksburg, Miss. This building was bought some 8 years ago as an old Colonial Home, but is now in a dilapidated condition, and the good Sisters need a new home very much

ST. MARY'S MISSION, VICKSBURG, MISS. Its Story and Development

BY REV. J. J. STEINHAUER, S.V.D.

The 2nd of February, this year, Vicksburg celebrated the tenth Anniversary of the opening of the Negro Mission in this city. Rev. Father Voyer and Rev. Father O'Sullivan came from St. Paul's Catholic Church, to thank God in a solemn Highmass, with Father Steinhauer as celebrant and the two Fathers as deacon and sub-deacon, for the blessing that He has bestowed upon the mission and the success He has given the work. Rev. Father O'Sullivan in an eloquent sermon showed and expounded to the large congregation assembled the blessings and benefits that streamed out from this mission into the Colored population of Vicksburg, and the great work that has been done by the Fathers of the Divine Word and the Sisters of the Holy Ghost. After Highmass the assembly listened to a concert given by the children of the school at St. Mary's Hall.

Before the establishment of the present congregation, Vicksburg harbored a small congregation of Colored Catholics, who attended St. Paul's Catholic Church. Being

desirous to have their own priest and Church, they made a petition to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Heslin concerning the matter. His Lordship told them that they should try to collect the money for securing a suitable place of worship. The Colored congregation had namely realized that, as long as they would not have their own church and pastor, their friends and Colored fellow-men would never come out to take part in their worship and learn the truth about the Catholic Church. Thus the Colored part of the Catholic congregation in Vicksburg would gradually die out. Almost as strong as the prejudice of the white man in the South is against the Colored race, so strong is the shyness of the Colored man to attend meetings of principally white people.

The beginning was indeed small. The congregation numbered 33, taken altogether. On January 5, 1906, Rev. Father P. A. Heick, of the Society of the Divine Word, was appointed to make a start with the mission for the Colored at Vicksburg. He arrived there January 7th. To find a suit-

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able place where to make a beginning was the very first thing to be done. It was no easy task for the Father as a stranger, and the few Colored Catholics had neither influence nor means for procuring any property.

Father Heick at last decided to rent a few rooms, where he could board and have services. On the 2nd of February, 1906, he had the first service there. As it was Candlemas, Father Heick had the blessing of the candles as prescribed by the ritual. During Mass most of the members went to Holy Communion. From that day on the congregation had daily Mass, and soon permission was obtained to keep the Blessed Sacrament there.

On September 18th the Sisters of the Holy Ghost arrived. The Sisters were surprised and delighted at the cordial welcome they received from the members of the congregation. These had with the kind suggestions of the pastor regarding the necessities, furnished the little house intended for the Ven. Sisters. On September 24, 1906, school opened with 18 pupils. The children soon learned to know and to love the Sisters, and by October 14th, the number had increased to 30. The second term saw 200 pupils in attendance, which necessitated the erection of a larger building. October 19, 1907, Rev. Father John Hoenderop arrived, to take charge of the work

at Vicksburg. Plans of the new building were made. In the fall of 1908 the building was finished, consisting of a chapel, six school-rooms, and an office. September 2, 1908 Rt. Rev. Bisop Heslin blessed the new building.

In 1912 a neat residence was erected by Father Hoenderop for a rectory. The following year, 1913, Rev. Father built a hall, which was so much needed for the entertainments and social affairs of the parish.

Progress of this kind would not have been possible had not Rev. Mother Drexel come to our assistance. On her way North, after visiting the Negro missions, she stopped off to see the place. She visited the schoolrooms and dwellings and inquired about everything pertaining to the work. When she was about to leave, she left Father Heick the promise of assisting him in the erection of a two-story brick building to be used for chapel and school.

The good seed rooted and grew, and at present the congregation counts 43 men, 80 women, and 125 children, a total of 275 members.

The greatest test of piety is the frequency of Communion; the monthly average of Holy Communions for this year is 325. Thus we are dwelling together like the first Christians in harmony and the breaking of bread.



The Cath. Institute and the old Negro-cabin, in which the Fathers lived for many years at Vicksburg, Miss



Sewing class of The Catholic Institute at Vicksburg, Miss.

Another proof of Christian life is the Catholic societies. At St. Mary's Catholic Church we find the League of the Sacred Heart with 46 members, Children of Mary with 36 members of the St. Aloysius Altar-boy Sodality with 20 members.

Our school is in a flourishing condition. In spite of the two large public schools and high schools and the 7 other private schools, and in spite of the antagonism of the Protestant ministry against our work and schools, it keeps up the encouraging record of over 200 pupils. Two other schools in the suburbs of Vicksburg were opened this year; one has at present 26 pupils and the other over 40. The organization of the Knights of Peter Claver at St. Mary's Catholic Church, and the initiation of twenty Catholic men into the order made March 19th, 1916, indeed a red letter day for the congregation and especially for the happy candidates of Knighthood.

A second red letter day of the congregation was April 14, 1916. Rt. Rev. Bishop Gunn visited St. Mary's Catholic Church to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to 13 men, 19 women, and 14 children, all in all, 46. These were converts from the time since last Confirmation, May of last year. As the church was overcrowded,

many people were standing at the outside near the windows and doors listening to the eloquent, heart-touching, and practical sermon of the Bishop. It was a delight to listen to the prompt and right answers of the children. They were indeed well instructed. After Confirmation and Benediction the Knights of Peter Claver had arranged a social meeting at St. Mary's hall. The Knights fell in line in double file and brought the Bishop in parade to the hall. Here followed a fine program. The treasurer of the Knights, John Pitts, a graduate of our school, delivered an address to the Bishop.



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The pastor of St. Mary's, Rev. Father J. J. Steinhauer, S. V. D. (on left in buggy) with a brother priest off to an out-of-town mission

Two Colored lawyers, both non-Catholic, delivered addresses praising the Catholic Church for her great work of true civilization all over the world, and expressed the confidence of the Colored race that this Church will also succeed in her endeavor to civilize the Colored race, especially in Mississippi and Vicksburg. The Bishop answered, referring to the work the Catholic



Attention! This is one of the "Huns" mounting a cannon in the National Cemetery at Vicksburg, Miss. In reality it is one of the most harmless, good and zealous men, the Rev. Father Beck, S. V. D., going for an afternoon stroll over the battlefield of Vicksburg

Church is doing in planting a good seed into the hearts of the little ones, in educating the children and thus raising a new generation of true, God-fearing men and women and loyal citizens. Music, both vocal and instrumental, before and after the speeches, greatly added to the festivities. The celebration made the Catholics feel proud indeed of their Church, and it killed to a great extent the prejudice that had of late been nourished and fostered by white Baptist and Methodist ministers, who made it their task to visit the Colored Protestant churches to throw slurs at the Catholic Church, and slander her priests and Sisters.

What are the prospects for the future. No one but God knows. We are the instruments in God's hand. A great work lies before us. There are in Vicksburg about 5000 Colored Protestants, 275 Catholics, and about 7000 who do not belong to any church whatever and are practical heathen. All our friends and benefactors ought to take interest in our work. We need your

help. With the increase of membership and the broadening out of our activities comes the great problem of finance. Our schools are not on a self-supporting basis because of the poverty of many members. Our modest little chapel is already much too small for the increasing membership. On ordinary Sundays the church is overcrowded, and more than once the good Sisters left their seats to accommodate the

congregation. There are only two ways to settle the problem, either to build a church or to stop the progress. What are we going to do? Do you think that we must stop the work on account of want of means to provide for the progress? I ask and adjure all who have a spark of true love for Christ in their hearts to help to build a church, that more may come and learn about our Lord and serve Him and love Him.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Only One True Church of Christ

There can be only one true Christian church, because there is only one Redeemer, only one Christ, our divine Teacher. If people believe in Him and accept all He teaches, they constitute one true Christian church; if they refuse to accept His teaching, they constitute different churches, and no longer the one true church of Christ, but rather societies without a divine teacher and founder.

Why the Catholic Church Is the Only True Church of Christ

The Holy Bible and history tell us that Christ made St. Peter the first head and foundation of His Church, saying to him: "Thou art Peter (the rock) and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. 16, 18.)

History tells us that St. Peter died as Bishop of Rome. Hence the legitimate successor of St. Peter always is the head of Christ's Church on earth. He is generally called Pope, which means Father. As head of the Church he is the spiritual Father of all her children. The present Pope is Benedict XV. From this it follows that the true Church of Christ on earth must acknowledge him as her head.

The Church Is Adapted to All

Since there is only one true Church for all men, she must be suitable for all, for the poor as well as for the rich, for the unlearned as well as for the learned, for all tongues and races.

Though her teaching is so profound that the scholarly may make it a life-study, yet it is so simple that the unlearned and even children can easily learn all that is neces-

sary for salvation. Catholic or Christian life consists rather in doing than in knowing, in a word, in following Christ.

The Church Cares for All

As Christ loves all, so does His Church; and as He has had special care for the poor, so also His Church. There is no spiritual or human ill, but the Church has tried to remedy or to soothe. The true Catholic, far from despising the weak and erring, has a special sympathy for them.

It Is No Disgrace

It is no disgrace to be born outside of the true Church; but what is deserving of reproach is to know the truth and still reject it. A pagan philosopher has wisely said: "It has never hurt anyone to have accepted the truth; but what has hurt many a one is to have ignored it."

Hand-shaking Christians

"We Catholics are so cold and unsociable!" complains some one. "One could go in and out to Mass for a year and never be noticed by anybody!"

"In the Protestant churches everybody meets all his friends.

"And the ministers are so nice and sociable, too; there's Rev. Dr. Browne—why, he comes right down the middle aisle, after service, shakes hands with everybody, as they go out the door!"

The presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is the principal reason why such things would be out of place and irreverent in the Catholic church.

Besides, if the church is anything at all to us, it is the house of God, a place where we draw near to Him and adore Him; if it is not this to us, it has failed, in our re-



The pastor of St. Mary's, Rev. Father J. J. Steinhauer, S. V. D. (on left in buggy) with a brother priest off to an out-of-town mission

Two Colored lawyers, both non-Catholic, delivered addresses praising the Catholic Church for her great work of true civilization all over the world, and expressed the confidence of the Colored race that this Church will also succeed in her endeavor to civilize the Colored race, especially in Mississippi and Vicksburg. The Bishop answered, referring to the work the Catholic

Church is doing in planting a good seed into the hearts of the little ones, in educating the children and thus raising a new generation of true, God-fearing men and women and loyal citizens. Music, both vocal and instrumental, before and after the speeches, greatly added to the festivities. The celebration made the Catholics feel proud indeed of their Church, and it killed to a great extent the prejudice that had of late been nourished and fostered by white Baptist and Methodist ministers, who made it their task to visit the Colored Protestant churches to throw slurs at the Catholic Church, and slander her priests and Sisters.

What are the prospects for the future. No one but God knows. We are the instruments in God's hand. A great work lies before us. There are in Vicksburg about 5000 Colored Protestants, 275 Catholics, and about 7000 who do not belong to any church whatever and are practical heathen. All our friends and benefactors ought to take interest in our work. We need your



Attention! This is one of the "Huns" mounting a cannon in the National Cemetery at Vicksburg, Miss. In reality it is one of the most harmless, good and zealous men, the Rev. Father Beck, S. V. D., going for an afternoon stroll over the battlefield of Vicksburg

help. With the increase of membership and the broadening out of our activities comes the great problem of finance. Our schools are not on a self-supporting basis because of the poverty of many members. Our modest little chapel is already much too small for the increasing membership. On ordinary Sundays the church is overcrowded, and more than once the good Sisters left their seats to accommodate the

congregation. There are only two ways to settle the problem, either to build a church or to stop the progress. What are we going to do? Do you think that we must stop the work on account of want of means to provide for the progress? I ask and adjure all who have a spark of true love for Christ in their hearts to help to build a church, that more may come and learn about our Lord and serve Him and love Him.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Only One True Church of Christ

There can be only one true Christian church, because there is only one Redeemer, only one Christ, our divine Teacher. If people believe in Him and accept all He teaches, they constitute one true Christian church; if they refuse to accept His teaching, they constitute different churches, and no longer the one true church of Christ, but rather societies without a divine teacher and founder.

Why the Catholic Church Is the Only True Church of Christ

The Holy Bible and history tell us that Christ made St. Peter the first head and foundation of His Church, saying to him: "Thou art Peter (the rock) and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. 16, 18.)

History tells us that St. Peter died as Bishop of Rome. Hence the legitimate successor of St. Peter always is the head of Christ's Church on earth. He is generally called Pope, which means Father. As head of the Church he is the spiritual Father of all her children. The present Pope is Benedict XV. From this it follows that the true Church of Christ on earth must acknowledge him as her head.

The Church Is Adapted to All

Since there is only one true Church for all men, she must be suitable for all, for the poor as well as for the rich, for the unlearned as well as for the learned, for all tongues and races.

Though her teaching is so profound that the scholarly may make it a life-study, yet it is so simple that the unlearned and even children can easily learn all that is neces-

sary for salvation. Catholic or Christian life consists rather in doing than in knowing, in a word, in following Christ.

The Church Cares for All

As Christ loves all, so does His Church; and as He has had special care for the poor, so also His Church. There is no spiritual or human ill, but the Church has tried to remedy or to soothe. The true Catholic, far from despising the weak and erring, has a special sympathy for them.

It Is No Disgrace

It is no disgrace to be born outside of the true Church; but what is deserving of reproach is to know the truth and still reject it. A pagan philosopher has wisely said: "It has never hurt anyone to have accepted the truth; but what has hurt many a one is to have ignored it."

Hand-shaking Christians

"We Catholics are so cold and unsociable!" complains some one. "One could go in and out to Mass for a year and never be noticed by anybody!"

"In the Protestant churches everybody meets all his friends.

"And the ministers are so nice and sociable, too; there's Rev. Dr. Browne—why, he comes right down the middle aisle, after service, shakes hands with everybody, as they go out the door!"

The presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is the principal reason why such things would be out of place and irreverent in the Catholic church.

Besides, if the church is anything at all to us, it is the house of God, a place where we draw near to Him and adore Him; if it is not this to us, it has failed, in our re-

gard, of the purpose for which it was erected.

When we draw near to God, we enter into ourselves and leave our fellow-men outside. To divide our attention is to fail to draw near to either God or man.

We come to church to be spiritually benefited—there are better places for social intercourse; more suitable and even more convenient.

Since we were last at church we have—all of us—been hurt and annoyed, tired and grieved; we have felt perplexed and sad and lonely. We have been in the thick of the fight—now we come once more to Our Lord's feet to be healed of our grievous wounds; to be consoled and strengthened. Let us draw near that He may bless us!

Next to the adoration of God, and the reception of the Sacraments, the thing that most appeals to us and helps us, is the sermon—the words the priest speaks to us.

If he has spoken to any purpose, he has touched our hearts and aroused our consciences. His words have come to us as the words of God; God has spoken to us through him.

Shall he, then, meet us at the door, shake hands with us and remark that "it is a pleasant morning" or that "it looks like rain"? No true priest would wish so to weaken the effect of his own words.

If the sermon has been to us what it should be, our only desire will be to fix it in our minds by meditation, to ask God's help to profit by it, then go quickly home and put it into practice as best we can.

The one sermon that is preached to each

one alone is the advice given in confession. One should scarcely wish to bring down the only relation that exists between the priest and his penitent to an ordinary social level. Regarding our confessor, as St. Francis de Sales advises, "with a reverence that does not diminish our affection and an affection that does not diminish our reverence" he should be, to us, as one apart.

Seeing, as no one else can, our weaknesses, we are sure that he loves us in spite of them all; that, as the wise physician of our souls, he wounds, when he must, only that he may heal. He has looked, with us, into our hearts and has seen there what has not been revealed to mortal eyes—shall he ever be to us as other men are?

Shall we not leave him silent, thankful, full of peace and joy, our faces turned heavenward and our feet once more on the road to the celestial City?

It is just because our churches are what they are, dedicated to God alone, that they are such places of refuge to us. We have enough, and more than enough, of this world, with its work, and anxiety and confusion; it is well, indeed that we have the church, with its peace and silence, to which we can go.

We can go there in our sorrow and weep, unnoticed, at the foot of the cross, and ask the Mother of Sorrows to help us; we can go in our joys and make, unmolested, our thanksgiving.

There, and only there, can we be truly ourselves and freely lay our joys and sorrows at the feet of God.

From Our Correspondence Bag

One More Example of the Influence of the Catholic Church

A couple of days ago we received the following letter from a lady in New York:

"Dear Father:—Since I have been reading your articles, especially "Blossoms from the Mission Field," I have completely changed my opinion about Colored people. I used to speak of them as lowdown niggers, good for nothing, but the beautiful instances of Catholic life among the Colored folk of the South have taught me to consider them as men with souls re-

deemed by the Precious Blood of Christ, destined for the same heaven as God's creatures in white skin.

"There is a Colored elevator-boy in our department store, whom I used to pass contemptuously because he was black, now I am kind and courteous to him and every time I see him now, his face beams with joy and his politeness cannot find enough occasions for demonstration."

We thought it well to reprint this letter on account of the proof that lies in it for our oft-repeated contention, that the Catholic Church, the mother of all races, is the only spiritual physician to heal the deep wound that has been caused by that most unchristian of all vices—race prejudice. She civilized the pagan Roman, Greek, Saxon empire, and is still doing the same in dark Africa, in far-off China, and in the lonesome South Sea islands; why can she not do the same in America? Set aside your temporal considerations and think, that after this short life in an earthly community, there will come an eternal life, where dwell together, without any distinction of color, the saints of

God. It may well be that the lowly servant of yours will occupy a higher seat in heaven than yourself; why not consider this possibility already here on earth?

Here is one from a non-Catholic friend from Buffalo, N. Y.

"Dear Father:—I am a non-Catholic, but I appreciate to the highest what your Fathers are doing for the Colored people. I believe in the prayer of the poor and lowly, and ask your flock to remember my intention; when times become better, I shall not forget the great work of the Catholic Church among the Negroes. It is God's work. I beg to be, dear Father,

Yours respectfully, N. N."

The Night Before the Forlorn Hope; or, Prayer a Resource in all Dangers

During the war between the United States and Mexico, the commander of a battalion of United States troops who were fighting their way towards the capital had taken possession of a Mexican town and quartered his men there for the night. He perceived that he would be obliged to march his troops over a narrow road, leading through a morass, which was commanded by a small battery in the possession of the enemy. After reconnoitering the ground and making his dispositions for the work of the next day, he ordered a young lieutenant of his command to prepare to lead a forlorn hope detailed to carry this battery by assault at the point of the bayonet. The lieutenant occupied a room in the same house where the headquarters of his commander were established, and divided from his sleeping apartment by a glass door. The colonel retired to rest as usual in the evening, but was wakeful until a late hour, and observed that there was a light burning in the apartment of his subaltern until after midnight. He was surprised at this; and, knowing the well-tried courage of the young officer, wondered that he had not gone to sleep as usual, to refresh himself for the arduous duty of the next day. He thought to himself, can it be possible that a sentiment of fear and dread on account of the imminent danger in which his duty requires him to place himself has overcome him? Is he thinking of his wife, and, op-

pressed by a sad presentiment that the hour of death is at hand, employing the little time that he is sure of in writing to her his last, farewell letter? He loved the young man tenderly, for he had a warm and generous heart, and in his solicitude for him he arose quietly from his bed, and went softly to the door, to see how he was occupied, and, if need be, to speak a word of encouragement. The lieutenant was kneeling at a little table, with his prayer-book in his hand, busily engaged at his prayers with a tranquil and composed air which bespoke no emotion of cowardly distress unworthy of a soldier, but only the earnestness of a good Christian intent on preparing himself to face death with a good conscience and at peace with God. The colonel looked on for a moment, with respect and admiration, and then withdrew as quietly as he came. In a few moments the light was out, and sleep closed the eyes of the two brave soldiers. The next morning early all were astir for the march, the young man took his place at the head of the assaulting party, and they charged steadily and swiftly upon the battery, expecting every instant that it would open upon them with deadly effect. In a few moments, the silence of the artillery and the cheers of the soldiers told their comrades that they had possession of the battery without the firing of a gun; for the Mexicans had spiked their guns and retired during the night. Both these officers came

safely through the dangers of the campaign. The colonel lived for some years afterward as a good and devout Catholic, and at last died the death of the just. The young lieutenant also died, and, in his last moments, met death himself with the same composure that he had shown in view of his expected approach at the time I have described. There was no shadow of fear or sadness on his brow as he awaited his coming, but with cheerful and heroic calmness he called his wife and child, his servants and neighbors, around his bedside, and bade

There is many a forlorn hope in our earthly warfare, when our narrow path through a treacherous world seems to be crossed by a barrier which can be passed only by the most resolute courage. It seems like walking up to the cannon's mouth to go forward in the path of duty. In these occasions, the proper resource of the soul is prayer. Light the lamp of faith, watch in the night, and pray; then gird yourself for the strife and go forward. You will find your enemy has spiked his guns and fled while you were preparing to meet him.



American Motherhouse of the S. V. D. at Techny, Ill.

them farewell without a tear or sigh of regret. In the act of pronouncing the sweet names of *Jesus, Mary and Joseph*, he breathed his last, just as the priest of the parish was offering up the Holy Sacrifice in the neighboring church and recommending his soul to God. Perhaps he had often, as men usually do, anticipated this last struggle as the forlorn hope in the spiritual combat. But its terror and danger vanished as he approached it, and he found the guns of his adversary spiked and the adversary fled.

There is no real danger before a soul that is in the grace of God, so long as it is firm and courageous in carrying out its good resolutions, full of confidence in God, and constant in prayer. No real disaster can befall it; and whatever seeming adversities may beset it in its earthly progress, it will walk over the course in perfect security. The only danger is in halting or falling back through cowardice, or in neglecting to have recourse to God as the only source of strength.

Is it temporal evil and suffering which you have to encounter? Poverty, sickness, hardship, family affliction, the unkindness of others? These are trials, and severe ones. It requires great patience and courage to surmount them. But they are not dangerous to the spiritual welfare of one who walks steadily up to them, and prepares himself for all that is before him by assiduous, fervent prayer to God. They are so far from hindering the soul in its progress toward the City of God, that they are the occasions of winning merit, and a title to the most brilliant rewards when the campaign of life is over. All the trials, miseries, and afflictions of life vanish like phantoms before the resolute Christian who is duly fortified with prayer. They are like a spiked battery from which the enemy has fled in the night.

Are you beset by temptations? Christian soldier! your Captain has ordered you on a forlorn hope, because he confides in your bravery and wishes to prove it. Light your lamp, watch and pray. He draws near and watches you during the night, and if he sees you vigilant, calm, and resolute, a smile lights up his divine countenance. Your enemy, if he sees you determined to advance upon him, will retreat; for although he does not fear you, he fears your leader. You will find your enemy's guns spiked, and your enemy fled.

Ah! how often life seems life a forlorn hope to the weary, wayworn, timid, weak-hearted human pilgrim. How often death lowers at him darkly, closing up his path with his portentous frown as the cannon



Sacred Heart of Jesus

looks gloomily down the narrow pass which it defends. Prayer and confidence will prepare you to meet it. Struggle after struggle will be won, barrier after barrier will be carried; until you have surmounted the last eminence, and see the City of God in full view before you. The campaign of life over, you will go to your repose in peace, and receive the reward of the faithful and the valiant. Remember, therefore, now, while you are still engaged in the Christian warfare, that this is the time for you to watch in the night in continual prayer, your only resource in the trials and dangers which beset your way to heaven.

(Cath. Book Exchange, N. Y.)

It Is a Crime to Teach Little Colored Children to Read and Write and to Know God in Colored Parochial Schools

Florida Gone Stark Mad in Its Bigotry, Which Now Amounts to State Insanity—The Governor Celebrates Easter by Infamous Act Which Makes the Star of This Oldest Christian State a Blot on the American Union—Bigots of the Lowest Type That Ever Ruined the Fair Name of a State Use Six Ignorant Negroes as Their Tool, in Invocation of Dead-Letter Law, Whose Constitutionality Will Be Tested in the Highest Courts—Florida Invites Settlers,

Upon the Principles of American Liberty—How the Sheriff Laid Hands Upon Our Pure and Noble Sisters.

The State of Florida seems to have gone stark mad in its bigotry. It celebrated Easter by ordering the arrest of three Sisters of St. Joseph in the Ancient City of St. Augustine on Easter Monday. This is the disgrace that today stamps Florida before the eyes of the nation. Catholic Sisters were marched as prisoners through the

streets of the oldest Catholic City in the United States, where the first Mass was said, where the first priest-martyrs shed their blood for the faith, where the first church was erected, where Christianity was first preached.

And what was their crime? They taught little colored children to read and write and to know God, in a colored parochial school. Yes, that is a crime in the State of Florida!

Three years ago a law was passed forbidding whites to teach the colored in colored schools. The law forbids teaching—no other word is used.

Hence according to Florida law the Catholic Bishop of Florida, who is white could be marched a prisoner through the streets of St. Augustine by orders of Governor Park Trammell, if he dared teach the Bible to colored children in the colored parochial school in the ancient city.

When the law was placed on the statute books of Florida, it was held to be unconstitutional by the best legal talent in the State. The law was passed because in Florida "any bill against the d— nigger must be voted for," as one State Senator expressed it, and the Governor, who was at one time Attorney-General, signed the bill and made it a law, because if he had not signed it, he would have died politically there and then.

For three years that law remained a dead letter. The very State itself violates that law in its Blind Institute in St. Augustine. The Sisters continued their humanitarian work. Park Trammell remained silent. The government of the State had not yet been handed over to the "gardeens," the men who are led by Miles, the shackler of the great Jeff Davis, the immortal hero of the South.

But now, in 1916, the bigots, the lowest, most unprincipled men who ever disgraced the fair name and ruined the reputation of a state, are in command. Men in high places are doing their libeling in order to get votes, and hence the Easter Monday crime in St. Augustine. The white bigots urged six poor ignorant negroes to petition the Government to enforce the unjust law. These six negroes stand out before the colored population of America as enemies

of their own race, which colored people themselves are fond of declaring is down-trodden in the South.

The Governor, silent heretofore, was moved to action. He ordered Sheriff Perry of St. John's County to arrest the Sisters and Sheriff Perry had to do the Governor's bidding or lose his job. The moving power in the whole affair is bigotry, blind, unreasonable, unjust in America.

Thus is Florida made a Pariah among the States of the Union, a laughing-stock to the rest of the country. The whole country is interested, and in a special way the whole South. In a land where freedom of worship is fundamental in our Constitution, that freedom is denied, and what man cares to throw in his lot with a State that will legislate any people into ignorance, that will deny radically the American principle that this is a free country. This Florida has done and is doing.

From one end of the State to the other paid vilifiers of everything Catholic are abroad preaching a gospel of hate. Discarded preachers, itinerant Socialist operators, scoundrels, caring nothing for God or man are now paid salaries by the bigots of Florida to shower pornographic filth against the small Catholic population of the State.

And, be it said to the eternal disgrace of the men in high office, they who will be elected to represent a whole people and whose oath of office binds them to measure out justice to all citizens of the State, regardless of class or creed, are now self-seeking bigots, tools in the hands of the State's worst enemies—the vilifiers, misrepresenters, hate-preachers.

Florida invites settlers. But it is no place for men who love fair play and justice, who stand squarely on American principles of liberty, so long as the State is controlled by so-called men who hate justice and trample on the rights of fellowmen.

This matter is now brought to the attention of the American public by The Morning Star. We call on papers all over this Republic to take cognizance of a condition which, rampant in one State, may soon spread to other States. Publish Florida conditions broadcast. The good people who

have been silent may wake up, and perhaps save the State before it is too late. For two years the respectable Protestant element has given the consent of silence to the nefarious propaganda. Now is the time to speak, or be forever silent.

Throughout the State the cry is, "No Catholic need apply." You are wrong if you imagine that this condition is confined to any small handful of people or to any particular section of Florida. It is State-wide.

The spirit of unjust, un-American and black-hearted bigotry which disgraced Fort Lauderdale is grood, and Floridians today have become maniacs of bigotry. Here and there some individual or some journal may utter a word of condemnation, but the manhood of the State seems to be paralyzed by fear of the banded, blind bigots. Hence the silence, in the face of the injustice and violation of American principles.

The wheels of State courts were set in motion by six negroes. They are: D. G. Adger, H. H. Johanson, N. Williams, Robt. Houston, H. G. Tye, J. A. Jackson. Back of them were the white bigots, who have not the manhood or principle of a dead mouse, bigots who are mere apologies for men and who dare not show their faces or give their names. The bigots in power knew that bigots with votes were behind the move.

Hence the arrest of three Catholic Sisters on Easter Monday in St. Augustine. There is no use in hiding the State's shame. The people of Florida have courted this shame.

A small band of bigots has terrorized the majority, has inoculated that majority with the virulent poison of hate, and every effort is made to crush the Catholic minority, to deprive the members of the Catholic faith of all rights, of all freedom and liberty,

and this is done simply and solely out of hatred for the Catholic religion. This is Florida as she is today.

The Land of Flowers is in the hands of so-called Guardians of Liberty, who play upon the ignorant negro, and both, actuated by the hatred for the Catholic religion, take their orders from scallawag carpet-bag enemies of the old South and from Gen. Miles, the man who put shackles on the

great Jefferson Davis. Florida in their hands is fast becoming degenerate.

The following is the letter which these "gardeens" succeeded in getting six negroes, traitors to the best interests of their race, to address to the Governor:

"St. Augustine, Fla., Feb. 1, 1916.

"His Excellency, Park Trammell, Governor of Florida, Tallahassee, Fla.

"Dear Sir:—We, the undersigned citizens of St. Augustine and State of Florida, appeal to you as our Governor, pledged to enforce the laws of the State, relative to enforcing the laws pertaining to white persons teaching negroes in this State.

"This law has been openly violated ever since it was placed on the statue books. We have waited patiently, thinking that the law would be enforced.

"Your attention is called to the fact that the Sisters of St. Joseph (white persons) are conducting a school and teaching negro children in direct violation of the above mentioned law. For two years we have said nothing, thinking that they were confining their operation to those of their own denomination, but as we are reliably informed that Protestant children are being taught the Catholic Catechism in this school, we feel that it is an injustice to the Protestant people of this community, and feel that they (the Sisters of St. Joseph) should at least obey the law.

"Respectfully submitted, D. G. Adger, H. H. Johanson, N. Williams, Robt. Houston, H. G. Tye, J. A. Jackson."

The last part of paragraph 3 is irrelevant.

Yet it would seem that the Sisters were arrested at the behest of negroes, because they taught catechism in a parochial school.. The utterly weak and supine Governor, afraid to refuse these negro traitors to their race because of the powerful white anti-Catholic forces behind them, issued the following Executive order, which brought about the arrest of the Sisters on Easter Monday:

"STATE OF FLORIDA,

"Executive Chamber.

"Park Trammell

Governor

R. A. Gray.

Secretary.

"Tallahassee, March 18, 1916.

"Hon. C. J. Perry, Sheriff, St. Augustine, Florida.

"My dear Sir:—I am sending you herewith for your information and attention complaint which has been made to me, in which it is alleged that negro children are being taught in white schools* conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph in St. Augustine. As section 3810† of the General Statutes of this State prohibits the teaching of negroes in a white school, I beg to request that you kindly investigate this complaint and give the same proper attention.

"With kindest regards, I am, yours very truly,

(Signed)

"PARK TRAMMELL,
Governor."

*N. B.—No such complaint was made.

†N. B.—This is an altogether different law.

The governor knew so little about the law of three years ago that he is badly "mixed" in the above letter, charging the Sisters with a crime which they never have committed, viz: teaching negroes in a white school. They taught negroes in a negro school, and that school is a parochial school.

The Morning Star brings these true facts before the country. Are the principles for which our forefathers fought and bled to be denied the free people of this Republic?

From the Morning Star New Orleans, (April 29), 1916.

First Council of the Knights of St. Peter Claver at Vicksburg, Miss.

March 19th was indeed a feast-day for St. Mary's. Twenty men were organized and initiated into the K. of P. C. The Rev. Father C. Rebesch, S.S.J. of Mobile, Ala., the founder of the K. of P. C. led the candidates over the hot sands of the initiation ceremony into the happy Knighthood of St. Joseph's Council No. 14 of the Knights of St. Peter Claver.

The officers of the Council are: Jos. Cheecks, G. K.; Henry Cooper, D. G. K.; John Pitts, Treas.; James Winlock, Sec'y. The decree work was most beautiful and impressive and its lessons were well learned.

The Rev. Father O'Sullivan of St. Paul's Church crowned the memorable day with an excellent sermon on true manhood. The new council sent a telegram to the Bishop expressing their affection and loyalty to Holy Mother Church.

A few weeks later, on the occasion of the confirmation at St. Mary's, Mr. John Pitts, Treas., delivered the following address in the name of the Knights to His Lordship Bishop Gunn:

Right Rev. Bishop:

I have the honor to address Your Lordship in the name of St. Joseph's Council No. 14 of the Knights of Peter Claver.

In admiration of the heroism of the great man, the great Catholic priest St. Peter Claver, a priest who had devoted his life to help and aid, to guide and save the poor Negro slaves at Carthage in

South America, who was a father and a dear friend of the poorest of the poor, who fed the hungry, who clothed the naked, who washed and dressed the plague-boils of the sick slaves, in admiration of such a heroism we have joined an organization which will make his name immortal.

The order of the Knights of Peter Claver is a Catholic organization; it will cling and cleave to the great Catholic Church, our dear Lord's Church; it will stick to the doctrines and rules of the Church; the Knights will profess themselves true practical members of the Church and defend her as their spiritual mother against her enemies. We will try to be a credit to the Catholic Church, whose teaching and practice we will seek to bring into our everyday life.

We will encourage industry, thrift, and sobriety among our members. Again, we have joined the Knighthood for the purpose of rendering pecuniary aid and assistance to the sick and disabled members, and finally, to promote such social and intellectual intercourse among our members as shall be desirable and proper.

Today we are standing here before you, our Bishop, to tell you how happy and proud we are to be Catholics and to be Knights of Peter Claver. Today we want to pledge to Your Lordship our fidelity and our loyalty. Today we humbly ask you, Rt. Rev. Bishop, to bless ST. JOSEPH'S Council No. 14 of the Knights of Peter Claver.

THE MISSION LEAGUE

In Honor of the Most Blessed Trinity, under the Patronage of Mary, the Queen of the Apostles

1. *The Object of the Mission League*

The Mission League has for its object the furthering of the mission work of the Society of the Divine Word, through the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, by praying and almsgiving.

2. *How is this object obtained?*

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up daily in honor of the Most Blessed Trinity to obtain for the poor heathen the grace of Baptism, that they also may become children of God and heirs of heaven.

Each member recites daily one "Hail Mary" and the invocation "O Mary, Queen of Apostles, help the poor heathen," for the conversion of the pagan world.

In addition, each member co-operates in the extension of the kingdom of God by a semiannual offering of 25 cents for the support of the mission work. (For children under 14 years of age the semiannual offering is 10 cents.)

3. *Membership*

Membership in the Mission League is obtained by assuming the above obligations.

Members who, instead of the semiannual offering of 25 cents, or an annual offering of \$.50, prefer to make a single offering of \$10.00 are "Life Members."

Members increasing their annual offering to \$3.00 or more hold the title of "Benefactors;" a single donation of \$100.00 creates them "Honorary Members;" and the gift of a large sum, on which a Life Annuity will be paid if desired, constitutes them "Founders."

Honorary members and Founders are life members. They have the right to request the free enrollment of their relatives in the first degree as members of the Mission League.

Members of religious communities desiring membership in the Mission League are dispensed from the usual offering. They further the mission work by additional prayers, Communion, devotions, and other good works, by distributing our free missionary pamphlets, and saving of canceled stamps.

The obligations of the Mission League are not binding in conscience; their fulfillment, however, is essential for the continuance of membership and the participation in the privileges enumerated below. (Sec. 6.)

Those holding membership in the Mission League at the hour of death remain members forever. Due notice of the demise should be given to the promoter in charge, to cause proper entries to be made on the Records.

4. *How to become a Member of the Mission League*

The admission to membership in the Mission League is effected by the applicant's name being entered in the Records of a promoter, and by assuming the obligations prescribed.

The offerings are collected and forwarded by the promoter.

On his admission to membership in the Mission League each member receives a small medal, showing on its face the image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, burning with love for the poor heathen, and the inscription: "Pray the Lord of the harvest, that He send laborers into His vineyard," and on the reverse, the image of Mary, our patroness, with the inscription, "O Mary, Queen of Apostles, help the poor heathen!"

This medal, may be worn as a scapular medal in place of one or several scapulars, except Third Order scapulars.

5. *Who can become promoter of the Mission League?*

Any good, practical Catholic having the courage and earnest desire to cooperate effectively in the salvation of souls, redeemed by Christ's blood, and as yet enveloped in the darkness of paganism, can become a promoter.

Members of the Mission League wishing to become promoters should apply to the promoter in charge, or correspond directly with the Very Rev. Provincial, at Techny, Ill., or with the Rev. Rector, Sacred Heart Mission House, Girard, Pa.

6. *Spiritual Benefits*

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Besides, numerous plenary and partial indulgences may be gained.

ADDRESSES:

ST. MARY'S MISSION HOUSE, TECHNY, ILL.
SACRED HEART MISSION HOUSE, GIRARD, PA.

"My dear Sir:—I am sending you herewith for your information and attention complaint which has been made to me, in which it is alleged that negro children are being taught in white schools* conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph in St. Augustine. As section 3810† of the General Statutes of this State prohibits the teaching of negroes in a white school, I beg to request that you kindly investigate this complaint and give the same proper attention.

"With kindest regards, I am, yours very truly,

(Signed) "PARK TRAMMELL,
Governor."

*N. B.—No such complaint was made.

†N. B.—This is an altogether different law.

The governor knew so little about the law of three years ago that he is badly "mixed" in the above letter, charging the Sisters with a crime which they never have committed, viz: teaching negroes in a white school. They taught negroes in a negro school, and that school is a parochial school.

The Morning Star brings these true facts before the country. Are the principles for which our forefathers fought and bled to be denied the free people of this Republic?

From the Morning Star New Orleans, (April 29), 1916.

First Council of the Knights of St. Peter Claver at Vicksburg, Miss.

March 19th was indeed a feast-day for St. Mary's. Twenty men were organized and initiated into the K. of P. C. The Rev. Father C. Rebesch, S.S.J. of Mobile, Ala., the founder of the K. of P. C. led the candidates over the hot sands of the initiation ceremony into the happy Knighthood of St. Joseph's Council No. 14 of the Knights of St. Peter Claver.

The officers of the Council are: Jos. Cheecks, G. K.; Henry Cooper, D. G. K.; John Pitts, Treas.; James Winlock, Sec'y. The decree work was most beautiful and impressive and its lessons were well learned.

The Rev. Father O'Sullivan of St. Paul's Church crowned the memorable day with an excellent sermon on true manhood. The new council sent a telegram to the Bishop expressing their affection and loyalty to Holy Mother Church.

A few weeks later, on the occasion of the confirmation at St. Mary's, Mr. John Pitts, Treas., delivered the following address in the name of the Knights to His Lordship Bishop Gunn:

Right Rev. Bishop:

I have the honor to address Your Lordship in the name of St. Joseph's Council No. 14 of the Knights of Peter Claver.

In admiration of the heroism of the great man, the great Catholic priest St. Peter Claver, a priest who had devoted his life to help and aid, to guide and save the poor Negro slaves at Carthage in

South America, who was a father and a dear friend of the poorest of the poor, who fed the hungry, who clothed the naked, who washed and dressed the plague-boils of the sick slaves, in admiration of such a heroism we have joined an organization which will make his name immortal.

The order of the Knights of Peter Claver is a Catholic organization; it will cling and cleave to the great Catholic Church, our dear Lord's Church; it will stick to the doctrines and rules of the Church; the Knights will profess themselves true practical members of the Church and defend her as their spiritual mother against her enemies. We will try to be a credit to the Catholic Church, whose teaching and practice we will seek to bring into our everyday life.

We will encourage industry, thrift, and sobriety among our members. Again, we have joined the Knighthood for the purpose of rendering pecuniary aid and assistance to the sick and disabled members, and finally, to promote such social and intellectual intercourse among our members as shall be desirable and proper.

Today we are standing here before you, our Bishop, to tell you how happy and proud we are to be Catholics and to be Knights of Peter Claver. Today we want to pledge to Your Lordship our fidelity and our loyalty. Today we humbly ask you, Rt. Rev. Bishop, to bless ST. JOSEPH'S Council No. 14 of the Knights of Peter Claver.

THE MISSION LEAGUE

In Honor of the Most Blessed Trinity, under the Patronage of Mary, the Queen of the Apostles

1. *The Object of the Mission League*

The Mission League has for its object the furthering of the mission work of the Society of the Divine Word, through the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, by praying and almsgiving.

2. *How is this object obtained?*

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up daily in honor of the Most Blessed Trinity to obtain for the poor heathen the grace of Baptism, that they also may become children of God and heirs of heaven.

Each member recites daily one "Hail Mary" and the invocation "O Mary, Queen of Apostles, help the poor heathen," for the conversion of the pagan world.

In addition, each member co-operates in the extension of the kingdom of God by a semiannual offering of 25 cents for the support of the mission work. (For children under 14 years of age the semiannual offering is 10 cents.)

3. *Membership*

Membership in the Mission League is obtained by assuming the above obligations.

Members who, instead of the semiannual offering of 25 cents, or an annual offering of \$.50, prefer to make a single offering of \$10.00 are "Life Members."

Members increasing their annual offering to \$3.00 or more hold the title of "Benefactors;" a single donation of \$100.00 creates them "Honorary Members;" and the gift of a large sum, on which a Life Annuity will be paid if desired, constitutes them "Founders."

Honorary members and Founders are life members. They have the right to request the free enrollment of their relatives in the first degree as members of the Mission League.

Members of religious communities desiring membership in the Mission League are dispensed from the usual offering. They further the mission work by additional prayers, Communion, devotions, and other good works, by distributing our free missionary pamphlets, and saving of canceled stamps.

The obligations of the Mission League are not binding in conscience; their fulfillment, however, is essential for the continuance of membership and the participation in the privileges enumerated below, (Sec. 6.)

Those holding membership in the Mission League at the hour of death remain members forever. Due notice of the demise should be given to the promoter in charge, to cause proper entries to be made on the Records.

4. *How to become a Member of the Mission League*

The admission to membership in the Mission League is effected by the applicant's name being entered in the Records of a promoter, and by assuming the obligations prescribed.

The offerings are collected and forwarded by the promoter.

On his admission to membership in the Mission League each member receives a small medal, showing on its face the image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, burning with love for the poor heathen, and the inscription: "Pray the Lord of the harvest, that He send laborers into His vineyard," and on the reverse, the image of Mary, our patroness, with the inscription, "O Mary, Queen of Apostles, help the poor heathen!"

This medal, may be worn as a scapular medal in place of one or several scapulars, except Third Order scapulars.

5. *Who can become promoter of the Mission League?*

Any good, practical Catholic having the courage and earnest desire to cooperate effectively in the salvation of souls, redeemed by Christ's blood, and as yet enveloped in the darkness of paganism, can become a promoter.

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A New Book by Father Lasance
The Only Up-to-Date Missal

The New Missal

Adapted for the use of the Laity from
the Roman Missal

According to the Latest Decrees
With Introduction, Notes, and a Book of
Prayer, by

REV. F. X. LASANCE

Author of "My Prayer-Book"

It has nearly 1300 pages, but is not bulky,
as it is printed on India paper.

2003 Cloth, red edges.....	\$1.50
2012 Imitation leather, gold edges.....	1.75
3015R American seal, red edges.....	2.00
3015G American seal, gold edges.....	2.25
4017 Real morocco, red under gold edges	2.75

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Catholic magazines are distrib-
uted annually. This is the mis-
sion of the press.

OUR NEGRO MISSIONS

A SHORT HISTORICAL SKETCH
—PRESENT CONDITIONS—
PROSPECTS

Dedicated
to the Friends and Benefac-
tors of the Missions

By
The Fathers of the Divine Word.
Mission Press, Techny, Ill.

Price.....10 cents

Our Various Southern Missions

welcome any donations of church-
vestments, musical instruments,
(pianos, organs, brass and string
instruments); sport goods (balls,
bats, gymnasium outfits.)

Our schools are supposed to
supply the needed physical and
mental exercise.

THE Colored Messenger



A MAGAZINE EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE
OF THE COLORED MISSIONS

* * *

MISSION PRESS, TECHNY, ILLINOIS

Issued
Quarterly

SEPTEMBER, 1916

Volume 1
Number 3

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This is the Jackson Number. Read article on page 49

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After reading the first number, I am convinced your enterprise will be a great service to the Colored Catholics.

You have my permission to take subscriptions from your people in this jurisdiction.

I trust your zealous endeavors may have the success they deserve.

With blessings and best wishes, I am,

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The war is testing the fibre of Christians in the mission fields abroad, and is proving that these new Brothers in the Faith are made of good stuff. Instead of deserting in time of stress, they are rallying more firmly around their priests and joining the fold in large numbers. This is especially the case in Africa, where the negro catechists are striving to make up for the deficit of priests.

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Rev. J. J. Steinhauer, S. V. D.,
Jackson & Second North Sts.,
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HolyGhost Mission, Jackson, Miss.

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St. Joseph's Council of the Knights of St. Peter Claver, which was initiated at Vicksburg, Miss.

At present, it is very quiet at the place. Most of the children are at work, helping their parents to make a living. The Ven. Sisters left for their Motherhouse at Techny, Ill., to spend some weeks with their community. They need a good recreation, as most of them have been overworked. The tropical climate is bearing on them. To do their work efficiently requires all their energy. Then, the accommodations in their home are very poor. Some are still taking their night's rest in one of the schoolrooms.

Rev. Mother Provincial writes me from Techny in this regard: "I hardly think it is fair, that the Sisters are expected to live under the same poor room conditions as they are at present. The health of the Sisters suffers too much from the insufficient room conditions in the Missions."

Who is going to assist me in solving this proposition? After the repairs of the damage from the cyclone a few weeks ago, all my sources are exhausted.

We are praying to the Lord who is the helper in every need, that He may speak

to the hearts to move them to show their sympathy. "Today if you hear His voice, do not harden your hearts."

Rev. P. A. Heick,
Bell and Blair Sts.,
Jackson, Miss.

St. Joseph's Meridian, Miss.

Various beautiful things have been said and reported to the editor of the Colored Messenger, about the little magazine; but the best we always like to hear and to see is a little slip in the form of a check or a m. o. saying, send me 10 more copies of the C. M. We wish to remind our subscribers, that the praise, which tickles us most, and always hits the right spot, is of this kind.

St. Joseph's was on July 9th witness of a most beautiful and edifying scene; namely, a solemn nuptial mass. In founding new missions we always wish not only to fulfil the laws, but also the wishes of holy mother Church, who wishes her children to be married at mass. Thanks be to



Outdoor Gymnasium, Meridian, Miss.

God there has so far been no marriage between two Catholics at this mission, at which this wish was disregarded.

The recent tropical storm, which a few weeks after the Jackson cyclone swept the eastern part of Mississippi, did considerable damage to our property. It completely wrecked our vegetable garden, blew down fences, uprooted trees, and damaged the roofs of the buildings. It must be said to the praise of the pine grove around the mission, that none of its surdy veterans fell in the battle of the winds. The crops in this section are a complete loss on account of the storm. This means hard times for St. Joseph's, because most of the boarding students that pay come from these country districts. We sincerely hope that our old friends will stick to us, not only when the sun shines, but also when the storm blows and destroys. Let each one send us one more subscriber to the C. M. and we shall stop grumbling.

Rev. P. J. Wendel, S. V. D.,
1914—18 Ave.,
Meridian, Miss.

St. Bartholomew's, Little Rock, Ark.

Rev. Father John Hoenderop writes us from Little Rock:

Most of my evenings are taken up instructing converts at their homes. Men are busy during the day and do not feel inclined to go at night for instructions. There is now a great chance to get a hearing by men who otherwise would never hear about the true Church. It is rather a queer way of doing, but it brings me in contact with our people. I find that nearly every family is eager to hear about the teachings of the true Church of Christ, and that the most of my hearers would join, if it were not for the difficulties that will follow such a step. "How could I leave my people, how could I leave my church?" are standing excuses.

Yes! joining the Mother Church, the oldest of all the churches, seems to them as leaving their people. How strikingly I feel the words of Jesus come true: 'I

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We say with our readers: Go on, Father Hoenderop, there are a thousand and one ways to save the souls of men, and the more you save the better for you and them. We just remind you of the method of our common Master; some he called from a distance, others he called in private, others in thunder and lightning, in fact there is no way in which God has not yet called men unto Him.

Rev. P. J. Hoenderop, S. V. D.,
1615 W. 16 St.,
Little Rock, Ark.

Sacred Heart Mission, Greenville, Miss.

The greatest event of last month was the closing exercises of our school, and that was in many ways an "event."

In our youngest mission we have, of course, no hall as in our older stations, where such buildings have been erected quite recently. So we were compelled to have our exercises in the open air. The stage was the rear porch of our school, large bushes around a part of our playground were the four walls of our hall, and the immense sky had to serve as roof. But right here the difficulty comes in. God has not made the sky to be the roof of a hall. Therefore we cannot find it too strange when it should sometimes very disagreeably conflict with the purpose which we set for it. And so it did this year.

As the day of our closing exercises the 5th of June was appointed. It was an exceptionally cool day. In the morning some clouds gathered in the sky, and the sun would not come out. In the afternoon, however, the weather cleared up, and in the evening it was ideal: not too cold and not too hot, but just as people like it. The people flocked, therefore, in

At present, it is very quiet at the place. Most of the children are at work, helping their parents to make a living. The Ven. Sisters left for their Motherhouse at Techny, Ill., to spend some weeks with their community. They need a good recreation, as most of them have been overworked. The tropical climate is bearing on them. To do their work efficiently requires all their energy. Then, the accommodations in their home are very poor. Some are still taking their night's rest in one of the schoolrooms.

Rev. Mother Provincial writes me from Techny in this regard: "I hardly think it is fair, that the Sisters are expected to live under the same poor room conditions as they are at present. The health of the Sisters suffers too much from the insufficient room conditions in the Missions."

Who is going to assist me in solving this proposition? After the repairs of the damage from the cyclone a few weeks ago, all my sources are exhausted.

We are praying to the Lord who is the helper in every need, that He may speak

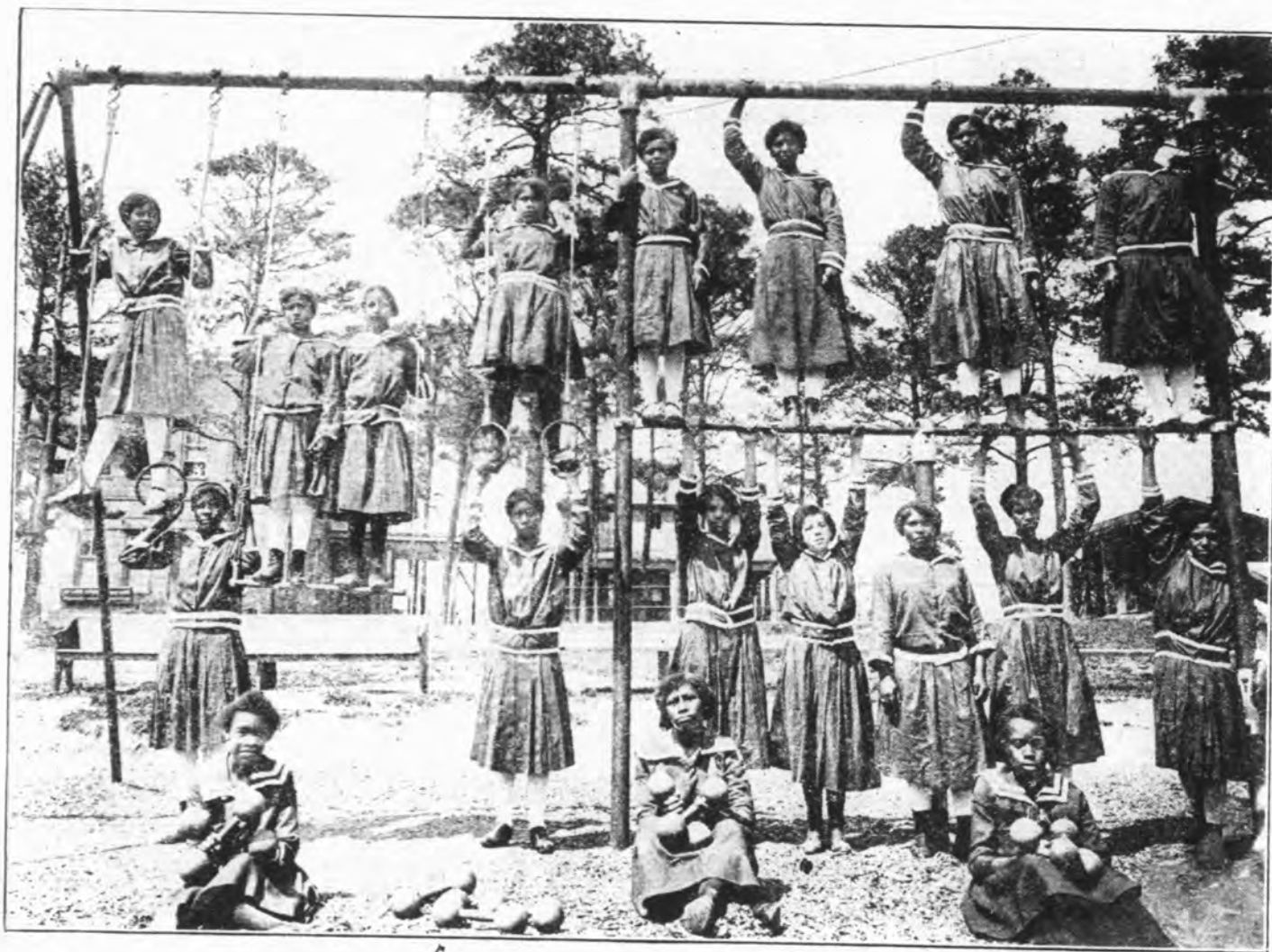
to the hearts to move them to show their sympathy. "Today if you hear His voice, do not harden your hearts."

Rev. P. A. Heick,
Bell and Blair Sts.,
Jackson, Miss.

St. Joseph's Meridian, Miss.

Various beautiful things have been said and reported to the editor of the Colored Messenger, about the little magazine; but the best we always like to hear and to see is a little slip in the form of a check or a m. o. saying, send me 10 more copies of the C. M. We wish to remind our subscribers, that the praise, which tickles us most, and always hits the right spot, is of this kind.

St. Joseph's was on July 9th witness of a most beautiful and edifying scene; namely, a solemn nuptial mass. In founding new missions we always wish not only to fulfil the laws, but also the wishes of holy mother Church, who wishes her children to be married at mass. Thanks be to



Outdoor Gymnasium, Meridian, Miss.

God there has so far been no marriage between two Catholics at this mission, at which this wish was disregarded.

The recent tropical storm, which a few weeks after the Jackson cyclone swept the eastern part of Mississippi, did considerable damage to our property. It completely wrecked our vegetable garden, blew down fences, uprooted trees, and damaged the roofs of the buildings. It must be said to the praise of the pine grove around the mission, that none of its sturdy veterans fell in the battle of the winds. The crops in this section are a complete loss on account of the storm. This means hard times for St. Joseph's, because most of the boarding students that pay come from these country districts. We sincerely hope that our old friends will stick to us, not only when the sun shines, but also when the storm blows and destroys. Let each one send us one more subscriber to the C. M. and we shall stop grumbling.

Rev. P. J. Wendel, S. V. D.,
1914—18 Ave.,
Meridian, Miss.

St. Bartholomew's, Little Rock, Ark.

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large crowds to our grounds, and before we had commenced the exercises over 700 people were already present. Such a number was beyond all expectations. But only half an hour later something very unexpected happened. More and more clouds gathered in the sky; soon the moon disappeared. A strange wind blew over



Fresh from the Cottonfields

our ground. It did not last long and instead of the sky we had heavy dark clouds as the roof of our open air hall. Though they were a bad omen we continued our program. Soon, however, flashes of lightning broke through the dark clouds and they were closely followed by heavy thunder. First a few raindrops fell, but then the rain came pouring down, followed by a great storm. Now it had become impossible any longer to keep order in the audience; they all fled. Some immediately left for home, others, the parents of the children, went to the classrooms of the school and took care of them, again others went to the exhibition room.

Soon the confusion was over, however, and they formed smaller or larger circles, while most lively and interesting conversations were carried on. Then the rain stopped for some time and all went quietly home. This was the first night of our commencement exercises. It was not in the order described on our programme, but rather disagreeably interfered with it. Such disappointments, however, are often a source of greater blessings.

The night following, Heaven did no more interfere with our program, so that it could be carried out without any disturbance. We had an even larger attendance than the night before: nearly one thousand people were present. The programme at our closing exercises was a most elaborate one and the children well trained and prepared by their venerable teachers, made a fine representation on the stage.

As these exercises ought to show the abilities of the pupils and the fruits of their studies, all the papers, essays and speeches had been worked out by the children themselves. The delivery, especially of some of the essays, was excellent. In music only the best pieces were selected, and they were given the pupils already months before, to be daily practised by them. Thus they played on this evening with ease and their whole attention could be directed towards a requisite taste in their interpretation, in which two pupils succeeded remarkably. While the favorites of the evening were several numbers rendered by the little children of the Kindergarten and the lower grades, the crown of the exercises was the operetta, "The Babes in the Wood," in which the girls made a beautiful display and a comedy which gave the boys an opportunity to show in action and word their humor and wit. The annual commencement address was delivered by Rev. Dixon, D.D., who beautifully and most eloquently spoke on the value of a thorough mental training for the future of the individual child and yet more for the future of his race. It is therefore natural that parents and grown people place the greatest hopes upon the young graduates of our modern schools and institutions with their high

educational standard. He also pointed out how regrettable it is, however, that some of these young students in their later life fall very short of the great hopes so many had placed upon them when they graduated. Six children then received the certificates for completing the Grammar course and the diploma for completing the High School course respectively.

A few days after the commencement exercises our teachers left for their home in Techny to enjoy there a well deserved and much needed rest. Also many chil-

dren went away to seek rest in a country place, others went to work, to earn some money at least during summer. Our services are well attended by the children, even during vacation time. Some come to Mass *every* day and in the evening to the devotions.

Rev. P. M. Christman, S. V. D.,

Sacred Heart Mission,
East Gloster Street,
Greenville, Miss.

Blossoms from the Mission Field

The Empty Spot in Her Heart

Some time back we read in the "Missionary" the following story: "A few years ago a respectable colored woman of New Haven, Connecticut, came to Father..... to ask him to instruct her and receive her into the Church. When he questioned her on her motives and reasons for desiring to become a Catholic, she gave him the following account of her religious experience:

She had always had an empty spot in her heart. She had gone about from one sect to another and asked counsel of different ministers, but could never find anything that filled that empty spot. She was quite discouraged in seeking for religion, when she happened one day to talk to an Irish servant girl about her interior doubts and troubles. The girl said some things to her that caused her to ask in surprise where she had learned those things. She said that it was in her catechism. The good woman found that those Catholic truths filled the empty spot in her heart. She thought it very strange that this poor girl could answer questions that learned ministers could not answer to her satisfaction. She concluded that a religion which could put such wisdom into the simple and unlettered must be the true one. Accordingly she applied for instruction, was received into the Catholic Church, and declared that the empty spot in her heart was thereafter completely filled."

Six Blossoms from the Catholic Priesthood

There have been so far only 6 colored priests in this country of the stars and stripes, but we hope that the day will not be very far distant, when the colored Catholic youth will be recruited into the mighty army of God by tens and hundreds.

The first negro priest ordained for the U. S. was Rev. Augustine Tolton, the son of slave parents, born in Hannibal, Mo. in April, 1854. The family moved to Quincy, Ill., in 1861. He was sent to Rome by Father McGirr and the Franciscans, in 1880. He studied in the Propaganda College, was ordained in 1887, and returned to Quincy. He took charge of the colored Catholics of Chicago, November 28, 1889, and built St. Monica's Church. He died from the effects of sunstroke, July 9, 1897. Father Tolton was a most zealous, holy and devout man.



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The fourth priest ordained was the Rev. Joseph J. Plantevigne, born in Louisiana and a Josephite. He was ordained by the late Bishop Curtis in 1907, and was assistant to Rev. Wm. Dunn, pastor of St. Francis Church, Baltimore, Md. He died January 27, 1913.

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The priesthood is the most beautiful flower in the garden of the Church, and therefore we are proud and glad that the colored race has proven itself worthy of this privilege, and we pray with many others that the eyes of those may be opened, who still thwart and hamper the growth of a flower in the hearts of men, which is and can only be planted by God Himself.

More

Some time ago, says the Sacred Heart Review, the Holy Father received in audience the Superior of the Lazarist Missionaries of Abyssinia. His Holiness was much pleased to hear of the formation of a native clergy, and received with especial kindness a young Abyssinian priest, who accompanied the Superior and was about to return to his native land after a year's novitiate at Dax. His Holiness also interested himself in the cause of beatification of the Venerable Father de Jacobis, the founder of the Abyssinian mission, and Father Ghebra Mikael, a native, and a convert of Father de Jacobis. Father Ghebra was the first martyr of Abyssinia.

Still More

The Catholic News of New York tells us that the great ambition of the founder of the African Mission of Lyons was the formation of a native clergy in the fields where the missionaries were to work. During his entire life as a missionary bishop, and before, his one aim was the formation of this body. Urged by the Holy See, he took steps to select young men at the earliest possible time, who would be promising subjects for the priesthood. He never got beyond the planting stage, and it was left to others to gather the fruit.

At present there are four young black ecclesiastics who will be ordained next year. This will be a triumph for the apostolic French priests, who have been laboring in Dahomey for the past 25 years, in the most deadly climate of the world. These native priests are a necessity, not alone because of the climate, but more because of the language, which is very difficult to master. As one of the men writes: "It is much easier to put up with the climate, than to master the details of this barbarous language."

If Dahomey needs colored priests on account of the peculiar difficulties of its language, does not the South need them on account of the peculiarities of the colored race? If Dahomey, uncultured and barbarous, can produce vocations to the priesthood, why cannot the civilized South? Why?



Fathers Heick and Beck with Some Neophytes at Jackson, Miss.

HOLY GHOST MISSION, JACKSON, MISS.

How It Was Started

BY REV. P. A. HEICK, S. V. D.

Just 8 years ago, on this very day, June 24th, the writer of this got the appointment to go to Jackson, Miss., to open there a mission for the colored. I must say that when reading the letter of the Very Rev. Fr. General and pondering over its contents, I felt very blue. Well, why? I had the work at Vicksburg just well under way, knew the people and the place, had succeeded in getting the means for the erection of the new school to be built at once, and now I shall have to leave the field where I liked to labor, shall have to go to a place, for which I had such a dislike, as all information I could get about Jackson was very discouraging.

Yet, after I read the letter a second time, I felt somewhat ashamed of myself. Why? A true missionary must never give way to his feelings when it is a ques-

tion of carrying out an order of his Superior. I had made the vow of obedience, and all for me to do in this case, was to take my grip and my staff and say "good-bye" to Fr. John, my dear fellow-brother, who was to take charge of St. Mary's in historic Vicksburg.

Beginning in Jackson

There was one thought that encouraged me highly on the way to the place of my destination. I knew Father Oliver, the pastor of St. Peter's Church. I knew him to be a man of knowledge and experience, a true type of a Southern gentleman. For some weeks, maybe months, I was to enjoy the privilege of staying with him. There I would feel at home. He also was the man who could advise me, and make things easier and more pleasant for me.

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Annual Industrial Exhibition at the Catholic Institute, Jackson, Miss.

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Jackson the capital city of the Magnolia State, is situated on the west side of the Pearl River, almost in the heart of the State. It is quite a railroad center and has been growing rapidly during the last decade. At present its population

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Great Difficulties

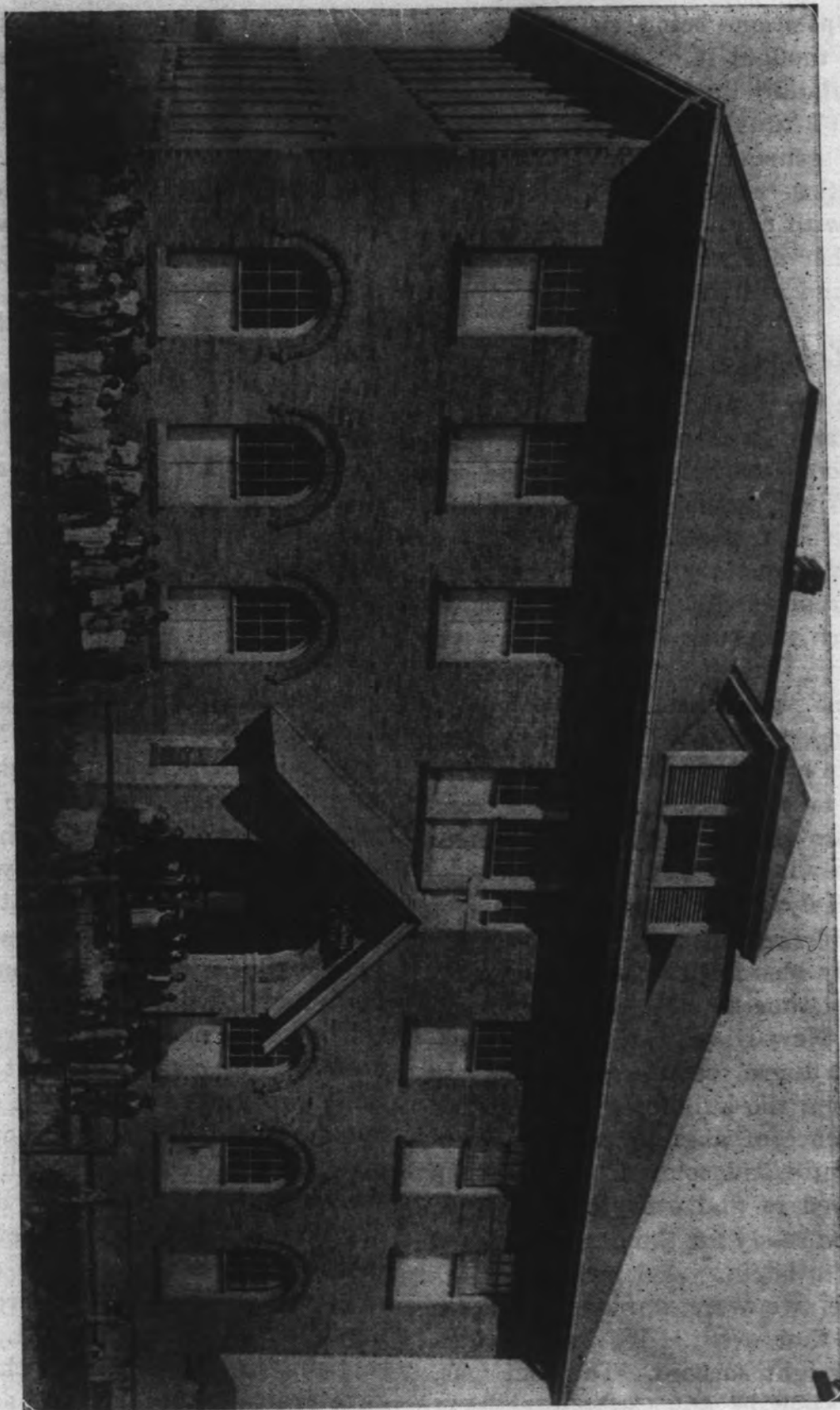
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Father Oliver was, indeed, a great help to me. Through his activity, we soon se-

The Catholic Institute, Jackson, Miss., Main Building



Second, I was surprised to learn how much prejudice there existed in the minds of most of the white population in regard to negro-education; how much opposition to our work as Catholic missionaries, especially, when it became known that Catholic Sisters (white teachers) were to

cured a fine piece of property, which we thought very suitable for our work. But, as soon as it became public, the people residing in that neighborhood became much excited. The whole town, and even the surrounding country was aroused, and they gave it out that they would never

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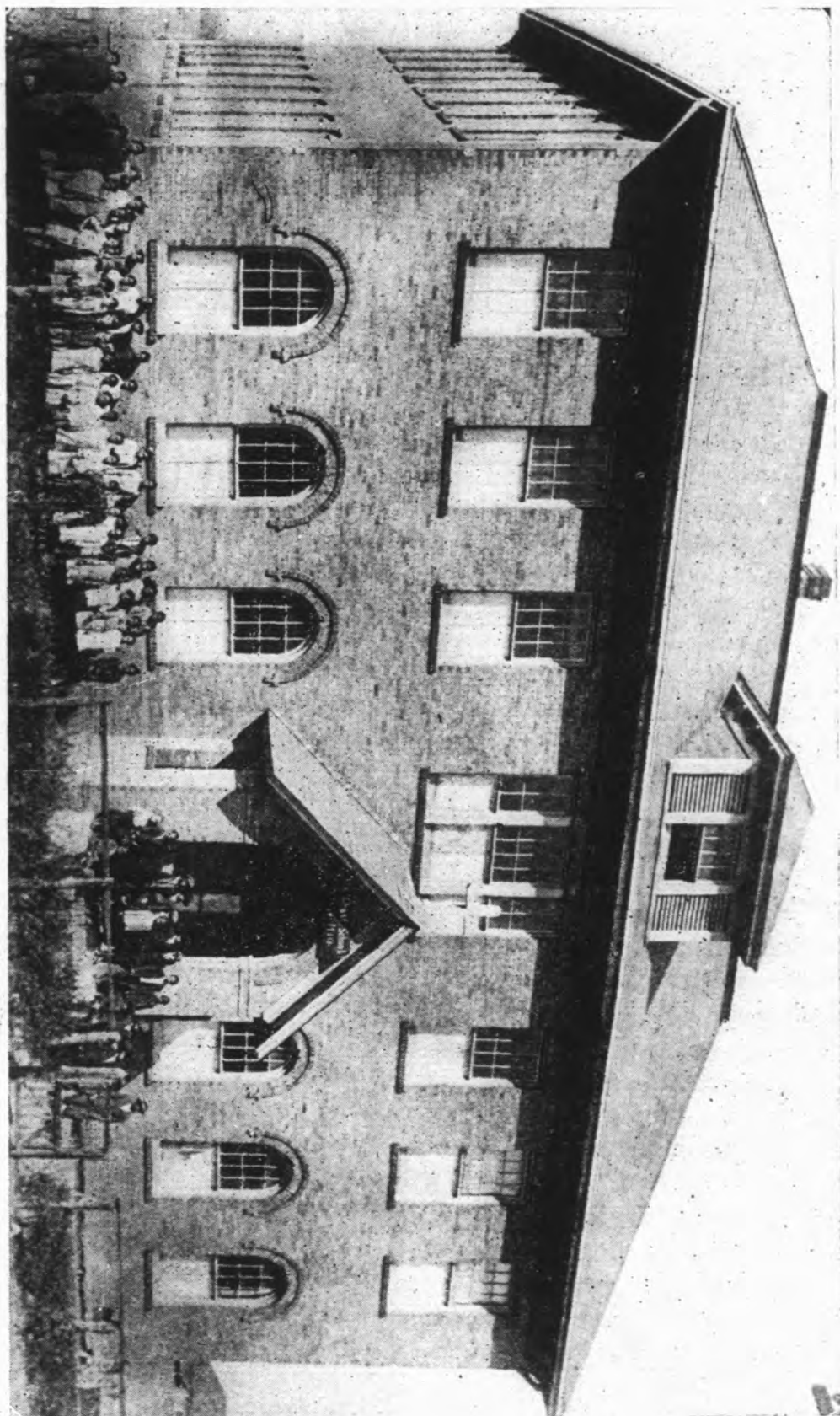
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Father Oliver was, indeed, a great help to me. Through his activity, we soon se-

The Catholic Institute, Jackson, Miss., Main Building



Second, I was surprised to learn how much prejudice there existed in the minds of most of the white population in regard to negro-education; how much opposition to our work as Catholic missionaries, especially, when it became known that Catholic Sisters (white teachers) were to

cured a fine piece of property, which we thought very suitable for our work. But, as soon as it became public, the people residing in that neighborhood became much excited. The whole town, and even the surrounding country was aroused, and they gave it out that they would never

allow a negro school in that part of the town. And yet, the lot was in front of a negro settlement, and there was no white residence within a whole block.

The opposition being so strong and bitter, we thought it best to abandon the idea of building there. It took almost a whole year's time till difficulties could be settled by securing a site for our missionary activities. We did not want to go into war with our neighbors right at the start, neither did we believe in giving up the work and retiring.

The Laying of the Foundation

took place on June 29th, the feast of St. Peter and Paul, in 1909. The building was to be of brick, 52x75, and two stories. When putting in the concrete work for the foundation, an old negro passing by frequently watched the work, and once remarked: "This be sure the right church, because it is built on the rock."

Our plans were made for a combination building, to be used for school down stairs, for Chapel and convent up stairs. According to contract it was to be completed within three months, and our men succeeded well. On Oct. 3, the feast of the Most Holy Rosary, our good Bishop Heslin, of blessed memory, came to bring the heavenly blessing to the new mission. For the first time he offered up the Sacrifice of the New Dispensation, to be continued daily there for times to come. In the afternoon, the building was dedicated in the presence of a great crowd of people, both white and colored. The Bishop was surprised to find everything so well arranged and ready for the next day, when school was to begin.

Of course, we were anxiously looking forward to that event. We had no idea of how we might succeed. The fact was, we did not know of any Catholic child in the whole city. Among the people the opinions were divided. Many seemed to be in favor of the Catholic school. Others were still skeptical. The ministers were often speaking against us, advising their people and warning them not to send their children to the Catholic school. Then, too, we had to charge tuition, and in the

public school the lessons are free. In the face of these facts, we must consider the opening of our school a great success. On the first day the enrollment was 111.

It must be credited to the colored people, that as a rule they are very anxious to give their children a good education, and that they are willing to undergo many sacrifices for this purpose. Frequently, we heard them say: 'Father, I want my children to be brought up well, for which reason I send them to the Catholic school. I wish them also to learn how to pray, and how to obey. And, if they do wrong, use the stick on them.'

Growth of School and Building of Convent

The number of pupils was steadily on the increase. In the fall of 1911 our four rooms on the first floor of the building proved to be too small. The Ven. Sisters living upstairs were, of course, very willing to give their quarters over to the purpose for which they were intended by the builder of the school. They were, indeed, glad. And why not? Any housewife will know what hardships it means to live upstairs, to do the cooking and laundry work upstairs, to have no garden to the house, no place where to stay when coming downstairs. It is something like being in prison. Yet our Sisters had to put up with such inconvenience for more than two years.

Thus, the necessity of providing more room for the classes brought to the teachers the prospects of a home of their own, of a convent. P. Hoenderop, the architect, always ready and willing to bring sacrifices for the mission, appeared one day with his plans. They being approved, the Father went to work in quick succession, and finished the moderate home for the nuns on Nov. 18, 1911. There was rejoicing in the community that day. They gave praise to the Lord and sang Alleluja.

A Church Dedicated to the Holy Ghost

Two years afterwards, in 1913, our enrollment was over 300. How were we to accommodate these many children? This again was the question to solve. There were two ways possible. Either send some of the children away, or, find another

er place for divine worship, and take the rooms in which we had our chapel up to that time, and have them arranged for the classes. Yet, the Lord provided.

The old church of St. Peter's Congregation (white) was out of use. They had not much use for that venerable structure after they built their new temple. I now made one earnest appeal to the pastor, Father Oliver, and to the members of the Congregation. They really and truly decided to donate their former house of worship to their poor colored brethren. Of course, it was quite a job



Church, Convent, and School at Jackson, Miss.

and meant a good sum of money to take that building down (and this was the only way), remove the material to our mission, three quarters of a mile away, and there put it up again. But we succeeded well. I could invite Rt. Rev. Bishop Gunn for the 13th of November, to dedicate our new church, new, we may practically say. His Lordship was greeted by a large crowd of Colored people, who came to see the Catholic Bishop and listen to the man, of whom they already knew that he was an orator.

The Bishop expressed his surprise at the beauty of the church, and at the way things were arranged and carried out. For two days he stayed with us, and Fathers and Sisters were made happy by his presence and words of encouragement. Bishop Gunn has ever taken the greatest interest in the missions for the colored, especially in the development of our schools, and is supporting the work as best he can, morally and financially.

Our church in Jackson is dedicated to the Holy Ghost. This was the advice and the earnest wish of our beloved founder,

Fr. Janssen, the man who made it a special purpose of his life to work for the greater honor and glory of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. He said that according to his experience the missions and institutions dedicated to the Holy Ghost have been successful and enjoyed the blessings of God more than the rest.

Our Concert-Hall: Its Necessity and Its Use

Such a building might seem an extravagance to those who are not well acquainted with this people and their customs. The colored people are a social people. It is remarkable how they love to gather and chat and have a good time, how fond they are of picnics, of parties and rallies and concerts. Their many church services, kept up till late at night, their great revivals and sacred concerts, are based on and developed out of that social idea, so characteristic of the negro.

Now, the practical consequence is this: We have to provide for our Catholic children, especially for our young men and women, a place where they can have such meetings and socials as are proper for their age; and as we cannot allow our churches to be abused by such an affair, we are bound to work out the problem of having such a meeting place. If we fail to do so, we are doing only half the work, and cannot prevent our children and people from going to other churches.

Last year, when I brought these facts before some earnest co-workers in the welfare of the mission, they promised their help. They also kept their promise, and thus our concert-hall became a reality. The hall is now used for different purposes. For classwork, for singing and music lessons, for gymnastics, and after the cyclone it had to serve for a hospital. It is now still occupied by some of those patients, thus doing excellent service.

Mission Preached by a Colored Missionary

Late last fall, for the first time in history, we gave a mission to the colored people of this place. Through the co-operation of Fr. Wendel, I succeeded in getting Fr. Dorsey, one of the very few colored priests of the United States. It was a rather risky undertaking. Our

grown people number only about a dozen in all. How should we get an audience? We were entirely dependent on the attendance of non-Catholics, and had to face the fact that prejudice against the Catholic Church is still very strong. After it became public that there was to be a mission at the Catholic Church, the ministers at once made arrangement to have services every night with great preaching, to prevent their people from coming to

children. Last session there were 326 on roll, the regular attendance being 265, of which one-third are Catholics. Many more have been praying for some time already that their parents might give them permission to join, but the Lord seems to try them, and is therefore slow in answering their prayers.

The opposition is still very strong, as there are many readers of the Menace in this part of the country. Also the minis-



Kindergarten at the Catholic Institute, Jackson, Miss.

us. But, the Lord was with us. They came out in crowds to hear Fr. Dorsey, whom they considered one of their own. And the Father succeeded beyond expectation to keep them interested, so that they would come day by day and kept on coming to the end of the mission. Also a good many white people came out to hear Fr. Dorsey. One of them told me after services: "Father, this is an able man. We like to hear him. We can learn from him." Yes, men like Fr. Dorsey could do much for the conversion of their race, especially among the people in the country, where it is most difficult for a white man to reach those people and get their confidence.

Our Present Standing, Morally and Financially

Of all the schools of our southern missions, Jackson has the largest number of

ters of the different denominations are frequently denouncing the Catholic Church and her activities, telling all kinds of lies and slanders against us. And, yet, in spite of these facts, we seem to increase and to multiply. Where seven years ago there was no Catholic to be found, there is now a little congregation of 128 in number. At the place that was formerly used for a pasture, there stands at the present a church, a school and a convent. There is a residing priest. There are a number of religious. Daily Mass is said, and early in the morning you see some of the members of that church coming with prayerbook and rosary to assist at Mass, and almost as a rule, to go to Holy Communion.

Yes, the Lord has been with us. Thanks be to Him. The work is well under way. We have all reasons to look into the fu-



Senior and High-School Grades at the Catholic Institute, Jackson, Miss.

ture with confidence. If we can keep up our schools, we are bound to succeed, to have soon a good Catholic congregation.

The sketch of this mission would not be complete, if I failed to mention our benefactors.

First of all is Mother K. Drexel. She was the cause that this mission came to a start. She bought the property. She furnished the means for the school building, and partly for the rectory and concert-hall.

Then, the Catholic Board for Colored Missions, Monsignor J. Burke, being Director General, who sends out his men to encourage the laborers in the field, and pays the salary of three of our Sisters.

Speaking of our finances, I wish to say here, that the share from the Indian and Negro Missions collection has been growing to \$350.00 annually, which amount is also going towards the Sisters' salary.

For the running expenses, as household, repairs of all the buildings, insurance and

improvements to be made etc., we are entirely dependent on the charity of good Catholic people. It is, indeed, encouraging to notice how much interest many of our lay people are taking in the missions, how many sacrifices they are bringing, in order to save and thus help the great cause. May the Lord of the vineyard reward them, we pray. May their number increase! We need more helpers. The Colored Messenger is intended to bring this about. Every new subscriber means more help, more encouragement.

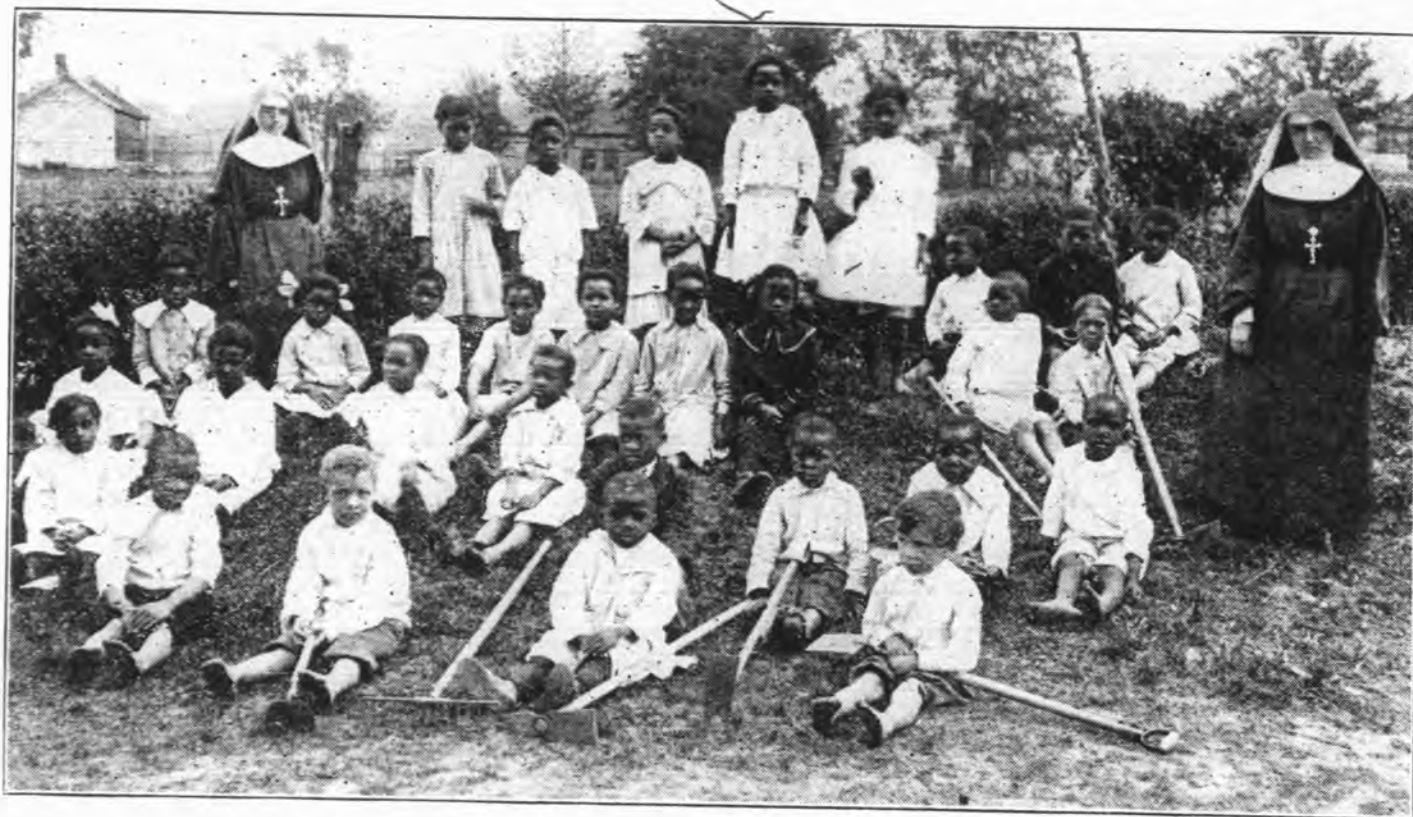


Scenes of Destruction by the Cyclone
(See article on page 58)

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

Indestructible

"The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Such was the promise made by our Lord when he gave the key of the Kingdom of Heaven to Peter. The promise implies an enmity on the side of hell against the Church, and this is seen in the cunning devices, satanic power, and other pernicious means which Satan uses in his attempts to destroy the Church. The Church, of course, can receive injury, as history abundantly shows. Many may, for instance, like Demas, love the world and fall away from the faith. Whole societies in the Church may be suppressed, and some branches of the Church may be destroyed, as is seen in the case of many of the Christian communities in Asia Minor. The Church may be attacked, despoiled, abused, her priests slain or exiled, her religious outraged and put to shame, as in Mexico; but the Church as a whole can never be destroyed. Satan, tyranny, revolution, infidelity, and paganism may rage, but they can accomplish nothing. The Church of Christ being founded upon a rock built up by Christ Himself, "holding forth the word of life" as the authorized interpreter of the will of God, will victoriously defend and preserve herself against everything as long as the ages of the world shall endure. Look at this, for instance: During the year 1914 in the United States, 9,883 pastors of Catholic churches expended \$79,064,000 for new work, repairs and maintenance of the churches under their direction; 994 presidents of colleges and seminaries expended \$3,976,000 for new work, improvements, repairs and upkeep of the colleges under their direction; 5,488 pastors in charge of parochial schools paid out for new work, repairs and maintenance \$26,464,000 for the schools under their direction; 284 managers of Catholic orphan asylums expended \$852,000 for new work, repairs and upkeep of the asylums under their direction; 115 managers of homes for the aged and infirm expended \$345,000 for new work, repairs and upkeep of the homes under their

direction; 509 directors and superintendents of Roman Catholic hospitals expended \$4,072,000 for new work, repairs and upkeep of the hospitals under their management.

This indestructibility of the Church has been well described by the Protestant church historian, F. M. Farrar:

Harder, deadlier, more varied, more prolonged was the contest of Christianity with paganism. From the first burst of hatred in the Neronian persecution till the end of the third century the fierce struggle continued—fierce, because meek, unobtrusive, spiritual, as the Christians were, they yet roused the hatred of every single class. Paganism never troubled itself to be angry with mere philosophers who aired their elegant doubts in the shady xyotus or at the luxurious feast, but who with cynical insouciance did what they detested and adored what they despised. They were unworthy of that corrosive hatred which is the tribute paid to the simplicity of virtue by the despair and agony of vice. But these Christians, who turned away with aversion from temples and statues, who refused to witness the games of the amphitheatre, who would die rather than fling into the altar-flame a pinch of incense to the genius of the Emperors; who declined even to wear a garland of flowers at the banquet, or pour a libation at the sacrifice; whose austere morality was a terrible reflection on the favorite sins which had eaten like a spreading cancer into the very heart of their nation's life; these Christians, with their unpolished barbarism; their unphilosophic ignorance, their stolid endurance, their detestable purity, their intolerable meekness, kindled against themselves alike the philosophers, whose pride they irritated; the priests, whose gains they diminished; the mob, whose indulgences they thwarted; the Emperors, whose policy they destroyed. Yet, unaided by any, opposed by all, Christianity won. Without one earthly weapon she faced the legionary masses, and tearing down their adored eagles, replaced them by the sa-

cred monogram of her victorious labarum; she made her instrument of a slave's agony symbol more glorious than the lat-clave of consuls or the diadem of kings; without eloquence she silenced the subtle dialectics of the Academy, and without knowledge the encyclopedic ambition of the Porch. The philosopher who met a Christian Bishop on his way to the Council of Nicaea stammered into a confession of belief, and the last of the pagan Emperors died prematurely in the wreck of his broken powers with the despairing words, "Vicisti Galilae!" "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!"—*The Missionary.*

Benediction of the Bl. Sacrament

The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is one of the simplest rites of the Church. The priests enter and kneel down one of them unlocks the tabernacle, takes out the Blessed Sacrament, inserts it upright in a monstrance of precious metal, and sets it in a conspicuous place above the altar, in the midst of lights, for all to see. The people then begin to sing; meanwhile the priest twice offers incense to the King of heaven, before whom he is kneeling. Then he takes the monstrance in his hands, and turning to the people, blesses them with the Most Holy, in the form of a cross, while the bell is sounded by one of the attendants to call attention to the ceremony. It is our Lord's solemn benediction of His people, as when He lifted up His hands over the children, or when He blessed His chosen ones when He ascended up from Mt. Olivet. As sons might come before a parent before going to bed at night, so, once or twice a week the great Catholic family comes before the Eternal Father, after the bustle or toil of the day, and He smiles upon them,

and sheds upon them the light of His countenance. It is a full accomplishment of what the priest invoked upon the Israelites, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord show His face to thee and have mercy on thee; the Lord turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace." Can there be a more touching rite, even in the judgment of those who do not believe in it? How many a man, not a Catholic, is moved, on seeing it, to say "Oh, that I did but believe it!" when he sees the priest take up the Fount of Mercy, and the people bent low in adoration! It is one of the most beautiful, natural, and soothing actions of the Church.—Card. Newman.



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conduct. May the C. M. grow and impress upon Catholics that before God it is their duty to bring the kingdom of God to the Black Brother.

Yours for the uplift of the Negro,
Raymond Vernimont.

Another one from our priests. The Rev. Father John J. Albert, S.S.J., of Pine Bluff, Ark. writes most enthusiastically: "Bravo! Your magazine is excellent. Send me 10 copies, enclosed \$1.00; I am going to be intimately connected with the Josephite Monthly and you will see now and then some very complimentary words about my good Divine Word Fathers. May God bless your efforts."

We are proud of receiving such letters from priests who are living and working in colored surroundings. They know and appreciate.

A well known mission worker, Miss M. Qu. of Grand Rapids, gives us her first impression of the C. M. "I have just received the 10 copies of the C. M. I like the looks of the little magazine very much, and do hope that from a financial point of view it proves a success. I like so well its outward appearance, The artistic and refined look of the cover pleases me much. Please hold to that form and color."

Wishing you success,
I am, etc.

The following letter has really nothing to do with the Colored Messenger, but it

shows the interest that colored people take in the education of their children, and I am sure will inspire some better off Catholics to come to the rescue of such cases, which we meet almost daily. It was written to one of our Fathers by a negro from Mound Bayou, Miss., and we reproduce it uncorrected:

Mother Superior of Catholic Nunnery
Institute
Jackson, Miss.

"Kind Friend!

Please note my appeal to You. I have 3 children and no mother for them, there has been dead for 5 years, and I have been doing my best to carry them to higher honer.

But it seem impossible for me to do so; now I dont want my children to give away to keep from working them. My hope is to do for them as long as I am in the world. But I affraid, that I cannot make men and women of them without help.

So I want to ask You to please let me place my little ones in Your wonderful Institute. Under Your charge that You may help me to raise them to honer and Intelorent. As I have been advised by some of my white friends to do so. Now I have no means of support, except my work. And in trying to care for them keeps me from going out in many fields that I could go. I will do all I can to help them carrie along in the main time."

Yours, etc.

Jackson Mission Saved from Destruction

June 6th, 1916, will long be remembered by Jackson's people, especially by those who live in or near that section through which the terrible disaster of that night took its way.

There was a high wind all during the day, steadily increasing in velocity. Shortly after midnight it developed into a cyclone. It was something frightful. You could hear a noise like the rapid passing of a heavy train. Then, the smashing of glass, the flying timber driven against the walis and the roofs of the buildings and through the windows, the falling of

houses, and cries for help from those buried under the debris.

All was the work of a few seconds. There was no time to save anything. For many, no time to look for their dress, nor for their savings. I remember, when I came to the hospital the next morning, a woman, badly hurt, asked me: "Father, please do me the favor to go to my place, where they took me out from the ruins. I know my home is destroyed. But I had a heavy trunk which could not be carried off far. There I kept my earnings. If I only could get that. I would

not care much for anything else." When I came to the place, I found only broken pieces scattered and carried away. I could hardly discover anything of its contents.

These poor people, mostly negroes, lost everything. Their homes were literally blown away, the timber carried off, sometimes for blocks. The furniture was all knocked to pieces. In night dresses, they had to run to save their lives. In crowds the victims came to our mission, and our Ven. Sisters were busy all night. They tried to get some few clothes for them, dressed their wounds, as some of them were frightfully bruised and mutilated. Those seriously hurt were hurried to the hospital, but this place was soon crowded to overflowing.

Fortunately, we had closed our school just a few days before. Thus, we could use the school building for a temporary hospital. We had 22 patients to whom medical attention was given. At present (July 5th) only three families are with us. They might be able to leave in a few days.

The city authorities were quick in

bringing relief to the sufferers. They collected about \$5000.00, which were mostly spent for buying food and clothes and the most necessary furniture to start the household again. All in all, there were reported 14 killed, 68 wounded, and nearly 200 homes destroyed.

Many, if not most, of these people will never be able to build their homes up again, after they lost everything. They have no means, and the wages are low. Those that have been hurt will be unable to do any work for some time; others will be crippled for all their life.

Indeed, hard times will be the lot of such people. Some one told me the other day: "Father, it was the hand of the Lord. People are bad in our days."

Visitations like this are a means to bring back the erring sheep, nearer to God. Five of the victims received Baptism, others asked for instructions.

How was it, that our mission was saved from destruction? People say it is wonderful. At any rate, we had a narrow escape. Had the furious element taken its course half a block in a more south-easterly direction, all our buildings



Scenes of Destruction by the Cyclone

conduct. May the C. M. grow and impress upon Catholics that before God it is their duty to bring the kingdom of God to the Black Brother.

Yours for the uplift of the Negro,
Raymond Vernimont.

Another one from our priests. The Rev. Father John J. Albert, S.S.J., of Pine Bluff, Ark. writes most enthusiastically: "Bravo! Your magazine is excellent. Send me 10 copies, enclosed \$1.00; I am going to be intimately connected with the Josephite Monthly and you will see now and then some very complimentary words about my good Divine Word Fathers. May God bless your efforts."

We are proud of receiving such letters from priests who are living and working in colored surroundings. They know and appreciate.

A well known mission worker, Miss M. Qu. of Grand Rapids, gives us her first impression of the C. M. "I have just received the 10 copies of the C. M. I like the looks of the little magazine very much, and do hope that from a financial point of view it proves a success. I like so well its outward appearance, The artistic and refined look of the cover pleases me much. Please hold to that form and color."

Wishing you success,
I am, etc.

The following letter has really nothing to do with the Colored Messenger, but it

shows the interest that colored people take in the education of their children, and I am sure will inspire some better off Catholics to come to the rescue of such cases, which we meet almost daily. It was written to one of our Fathers by a negro from Mound Bayou, Miss., and we reproduce it uncorrected:

Mother Superior of Catholic Nunnery
Institute
Jackson, Miss.

"Kind Friend!

Please note my appeal to You. I have 3 children and no mother for them, there has been dead for 5 years, and I have been doing my best to carry them to higher honer.

But it seem impossible for me to do so; now I dont want my children to give away to keep from working them. My hope is to do for them as long as I am in the world. But I affraid, that I cannot make men and women of them without help.

So I want to ask You to please let me place my little ones in Your wonderful Institute. Under Your charge that You may help me to raise them to honer and Intelerent. As I have been advised by some of my white friends to do so. Now I have no means of support, except my work. And in trying to care for them keeps me from going out in many fields that I could go. I will do all I can to help them carrie along in the main time."

Yours, etc.

Jackson Mission Saved from Destruction

June 6th, 1916, will long be remembered by Jackson's people, especially by those who live in or near that section through which the terrible disaster of that night took its way.

There was a high wind all during the day, steadily increasing in velocity. Shortly after midnight it developed into a cyclone. It was something frightful. You could hear a noise like the rapid passing of a heavy train. Then, the smashing of glass, the flying timber driven against the walis and the roofs of the buildings and through the windows, the falling of

houses, and cries for help from those buried under the debris.

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Yet, I am confident that good people, who are more fortunate, who have been

spared from the fury of the destroying elements, after they read this sad story, will remember us. To get subscribers to Our Colored Messenger, is helping our cause. Yesterday one of our friends who is alive and means business, sent me 12 names and \$6.00 to pay for their subscriptions. May many follow his example!

P. A. Heick, S. V. D.

Can't Forget Florida

That the bigotry of Florida which showed its slimy head in the arrest of three Catholic Sisters for teaching negro children the principles of their Faith in a negro parochial school of St. Augustine on Easter Monday, will react against the State itself, is being evidenced. Florida has sent far and wide the cry for homesteaders. Every daily paper, in large advertisements, hails the virtues of that State to tempt citizens of other sections of the country to purchase her lands and till them. Now Florida has demonstrated that she does not want men, but secretive, double-faced bigots. And it begins to appear that her wishes will be respected, for men are loath to give up residence in a State which recognizes the liberty of conscience granted by the American Constitution and become inhabitants of a backwoods of prejudice and ignorance.

A Chicagoan and a Catholic, J. H. D., who resides on Belden avenue, had recently purchased Florida lands with the intention of farming, when the story of the arrest of the three Sisters came to his attention. Now the gentleman hesitates to entrust himself and family in the environment which the bigots have wrapped about Florida. In his doubt he has written to both the representative of his present district and the man who will represent him in Washington when he moves to Florida, asking them what can be done to make that State recognize the principles of liberty guaranteed to American citizens. The gentleman's letter to the Congressmen follows:

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My purpose in writing you is to invoke your good offices and whatever influence you may be able to exert to the end that a recurrence of such disgraceful work, instigated by foul-minded cowards, may be prevented.

I am a Catholic. I have made investment in Florida and have hoped to make that State my home, but when I read such things as are related in the article referred to I am forced to reconsider and question the logic of leaving a free State for a State where bigotry occupies the throne. I am sure you are shocked to learn of such injustice as has been visited upon the good Sisters, and I am sure you will use whatever means may be proper to cleanse the State of Florida from such odium.

I hope you will be able to achieve results in the suppression of bigoted hate, for unless Florida takes in hand the destruction of the noxious weeds of intolerance it will be worse for her future than would be the unhampered sway of the fruit "scale."

With kind regard, I am,
Sincerely yours,

(New World, Chicago.) J. H. D.

THE MISSION LEAGUE

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1. The Object of the Mission League

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The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up daily in honor of the Most Blessed Trinity to obtain for the poor heathen the grace of Baptism, that they also may become children of God and heirs of heaven.

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In addition, each member co-operates in the extension of the kingdom of God by a semiannual offering of 25 cents for the support of the mission work. (For children under 14 years of age the semiannual offering is 10 cents.)

3. Membership

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Members who, instead of the semiannual offering of 25 cents, or an annual offering of \$.50, prefer to make a single offering of \$10.00 are "Life Members."

Members increasing their annual offering to \$3.00 or more hold the title of "Benefactors;" a single donation of \$100.00 creates them "Honorary Members;" and the gift of a large sum, on which a Life Annuity will be paid if desired, constitutes them "Founders."

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The obligations of the Mission League are not binding in conscience; their fulfillment, however, is essential for the continuance of membership and the participation in the privileges enumerated below. (Sec. 6.)

Those holding membership in the Mission League at the hour of death remain members forever. Due notice of the demise should be given to the promoter in charge, to cause proper entries to be made on the Records.

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OUR NEGRO MISSIONS

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PROSPECTS

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THE Colored Messenger



A MAGAZINE EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE
OF THE COLORED MISSIONS

* * *

MISSION PRESS, TECHNY, ILLINOIS

Issued
Quarterly

• DECEMBER, 1916

Volume 1
Number 4

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Volume I

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Rev. P. J. Wendel, S.V.D., Editor, 1914-18th Ave., Meridian, Miss.

THE MESSAGE

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The interest in the negro missions is fast increasing. Very often we come across articles on these missions in our Catholic press, dealing with the conditions and prospects of the missions. The *Catholic Herald* in its editorial says, on the occasion of the baptising of 30 negro converts in Kansas City, that this should "teach us what a great field there is for the extension of the Church among the negro population of the country, and we should contribute liberally to the negro missions. The soul of a negro is as precious in the eyes of God as that of a white man, and there is just as much merit in saving the soul of a man with black skin as of one that is white."

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port and heartily commend all these zealous, self-sacrificing religious, who devote their lives so heartily to the evangelisation of the colored people."

About the best bit of news we have

heard for a long time is the following: "The Rev. J. P. Donovan, C. M., Director of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver for the African missions, whose headquarters are in St. Louis, has received a draft for \$1500.00, representing the foundation of the first burse from America for the African missions, through the Sodality of St. Peter Claver. The burse will educate a native African for the priesthood." Vivant sequentes! There are Africans in the U. S. who aspire to the



same honor.

When once enthusiasm for the missions permeates the masses, it will beget the sublime idea of the crusaders of a thousand years ago. The mission spirit enlivens the faith, brings hope close to eternity and fosters works of charity in general. Not only do missionary vocations increase, but apostolic vocations for the home church likewise, and what is given to the missions as pennies comes back as dollars.

St. Teresa once said: "To make one step in the propagation of the faith and

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heard for a long time is the following: "The Rev. J. P. Donovan, C. M., Director of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver for the African missions, whose headquarters are in St. Louis, has received a draft for \$1500.00, representing the foundation of the first burse from America for the African missions, through the Sodality of St. Peter Claver. The burse will educate a native African for the priesthood." Vivant sequentes! There are Africans in the U. S. who aspire to the



same honor.

When once enthusiasm for the missions permeates the masses, it will beget the sublime idea of the crusaders of a thousand years ago. The mission spirit enlivens the faith, brings hope close to eternity and fosters works of charity in general. Not only do missionary vocations increase, but apostolic vocations for the home church likewise, and what is given to the missions as pennies comes back as dollars.

St. Teresa once said: "To make one step in the propagation of the faith and

to give one ray of light to heretics, I would forfeit a thousand kingdoms."

The colored people of Cincinnati have lost, as the *Catholic Columbian* writes, a great friend through the death of the Rev. Edw. T. Cleary, pastor of St. Ann's Colored congregation.

News has reached us of the impending celebration of the silver sacerdotal jubilee of the Rev. Charles R. Uncles, the second colored priest in the U. S., ordained by Cardinal Gibbons in 1891.

China has now a Catholic president in the person of Li Yuanhung. The blood of the many Chinese martyrs and the hard labors of the zealous Jesuit priests of the 16th century are bearing fruit. The seed of the word of God can never lose its virility. It must germinate some day, even if it takes centuries, a great consolation for the men on the oft barren looking missions in other fields.

To keep the faith alive in a parish, pastor and parishioners must make efforts to convert outsiders. The greatest act of charity we can perform towards our fellowmen is, to help them to acquire the faith, if they do not already possess it, or to recover it if they have lost it.

At the last national convention of the Knights of St. Peter Claver, a colored

knighthood, at Natchez, Miss., there was one thought and wish much in prominence, namely, to let the order work along the same lines as the Knights of Columbus, to do for the colored Catholics what they are doing for the white.

A fitting Christmas present, inexpensive, but still beautiful and meritorious for your friend, is a subscription to THE COLORED MESSENGER.

Miss Mary Warmack and Miss Emiline Mathews, the first colored girls of Indianapolis to enter a convent, left last August for Baltimore, where they entered the novitiate of the Oblate Sisters of Providence.

We welcome to our little band of missionaries the Rev. Father Fred. Gruhn, S. V. D., who received the appointment as assistant to the Rev. Father Heick at Jackson.

All the Fathers have reported fine openings of their schools.

We wish to thank the editors of the Catholic papers that commented so beautifully on the C. M. We shall endeavor to keep up our fine start and still improve it.

Before you lay aside the COLORED MESSENGER send in a subscription for your friend as a Christmas present.



A Mother's Prayer

Annis J. Pugh.

Washington, D. C.

Five little souls to choose from,
Take one, dear Lord, at least,
Away from sin's illusions,
And make of him a priest.

To guide the soul-stained sinner
To realms of peace and bliss;
No greater mission liveth
On earth, in heaven, than this.

To serve God first, each morning,
To live for Him alone;

'Tis happiness repaying
Life's sacrifice begun.

Oh, teach them wisdom early,
A desire to refrain
From sin's contagion solely
For greater glory's gain.

Into Thy wounds absorb them,
And bathe them in Thy love,
So that their spirits languish
'Less nourished from above.

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A Few Minutes with the Missionary

St. Mary's, Vicksburg, Miss.

It had been rather quiet at St. Mary's hill all during summer. The good Sisters had left the place to meet at their motherhouse in Techny, Ill., and even the Pastor had taken a little rest after five years of strenuous work. Now they all are back and there is again life on and around the place. School has reopened and 181 children are hurrying and rushing up the hill and filling the schoolrooms. Soon you hear them praying, and reciting their lessons. At recess you notice a jolly and cheerful crowd of youngsters hustling to the playground, enjoying themselves at the maypole, the swings, playing baseball, etc.

Last year the school had but 168 children; this year at the very beginning we have already 181. A good omen indeed. Some children have not come in yet, as there are everywhere some slow and easy-going parents.

Our daughter-school, Sacred Heart School at Walters, a suburb of Vicksburg, opened with 34; a good many of the old pupils from last year are still picking cotton and did not get ready for school yet.

St. Joseph's School at Point-Look-Out made a good start with 26 scholars, in spite of a serious competition right next door. Thus our prospect for the future is bright indeed.

So far (October 10, 1916) the church has made 53 converts, and 12 more are in instruction for Baptism. Soon we will

have a Mission by the famous missionary Rev. J. J. Albert, S. J., and we all look forward to the results of the "Revival" with keenest expectation. Father Albert has quite a name among the colored people here, and all are anxious to hear him. May God's grace and blessing be with his word.

In ten years of the missionary work here 307 have received the Sacrament of Baptism, some of them died, some have moved away, but thanks to God, most of them are good faithful members of St. Mary's Catholic Church.

The emigration of the colored people to the North has caused us some losses. This year 35 of our Catholics left the town. At present the congregation counts 252 members.

There was a good deal of excitement at St. Mary's last October, when the Sister's convent caught fire from a defective flue. It called vividly to our mind how dangerous our southern wooden buildings are. The convent was once a fine colonial structure, but is now in a dilapidated condition. The Sisters need a new home very much, and we ask our friends not to forget us and help these hard-working women to erect a new home. To help to shelter the laborer is to shelter the Lord of the vineyard. We do not ask for any grandiose structure, but a place which they may call a home after their hard daily tasks in the classrooms. The holy sacrifice of the priest and the daily holy communions and pray-

ers of the Sisters will in some degree reward your generosity. May the Lord bless you.

REV. J. J. STEINHAUER, S. V. D.

Jackson & Second North Sts.,

Vicksburg, Miss.

How utterly ignorant they are in regard to the greatest of all religious denominations. How much prejudiced against the true Church. It will take some time till their eyes be opened so that they can see the Light that can not be hid. Yet, for some this time will never come. We are



The Kindergarten in Vicksburg, Miss.

Holy Ghost Mission, Jackson, Miss.

School is again in full swing. In spite of much opposition, we count many newcomers. Strange, what people think of the Catholics! When a mother brought her little girl to our school not long ago, she asked: "Is it true that all the children who come to your school must become Catholics?"

"That school is all right, if they only do not force our children to become Catholics," you hear them frequently say. Only last week, the parents sent a note by their little child, telling the teacher that she should not make her line up with a Catholic partner.

Such incidents show plainly what ideas such people have of the Catholic Church.

told, "they have eyes and do not see. They have ears and do not hear."

We are hard at work this year to make our high school a success, being firmly convinced that we cannot convert the negro as a race unless we try to give our Catholic children at least the same chance for education, as is given to the pupils of other schools. It is a deplorable fact that the problem of higher education of the negro has been utterly neglected with us. There is no Catholic college in all the Southland that can compare favorably with the numerous institutions of higher learning conducted by our separate brethren. It is surely time for us to realize these conditions and to be up and doing things.

It seems to please Divine Providence to send a good deal of sickness among our

good Sisters during this fall. It is mostly due to overwork and to the very poor accommodations they have to contend with. While, as a rule, people are keeping fire all day in their rooms, some of our Sisters are still sleeping on the open porch, their little dormitory being too overcrowded. How much they would be delighted, if by your contributions, Dear Readers, they would be helped toward the much needed sleeping apartment which they so well deserve.

From Vicksburg I received the message this morning that the Sisters' convent caught fire. P. Steinhauer was quick in turning in the fire alarm and thus saved the place from destruction. Some one said, it would have been a blessing for the Sisters there if that dilapidated dwelling had gone up in smoke. Mother Leonarda was in serious doubts whether or not, she should allow the Sisters to take up their home there for another season. Sister Superior writes me that it is dangerous to live in it. Fr. Steinhauer is much worried at how to provide a decent home for his teachers. Who is going missionaries who offer everything, their to help him? Is it not strange that the very life, in carrying out the command of the Master:

"Go and teach all Nations....," that they can hardly find the means to provide for their subsistence in this land of abundance and prosperity? We experience this in our missions, no matter how strange it may seem.

At present, our children are busy preparing for the State Fair. They made up their minds to carry off first premiums offered for the best exhibits in the different departments. It is surprising how much interest they take in it, how much labor and time they devote to finish their pieces of art.

During the month of November our beloved Bishop, the Rt. Rev. John E. Gunn, D. D., is to give Confirmation to a number of converts. He is well known all over the country as a man who has the welfare of the colored race at heart. His coming to the Holy Ghost Mission is looked for by the pastor, the Sisters and the congregation as a happy event.

About the time this paper is reaching your home, Dear Reader, Christmas bells are ringing out, and happy songs in honor of the Infant Savior are filling the air.

We have over 300 colored children who delight in singing those songs which they are taught in the Catholic school. Only a few years ago, they had no knowledge of those things. They then knew very little of the Christ Child and of the meaning of Christmas. By your supporting the missions you become instrumental in bringing these poor children nearer to the crib of the Savior that makes them feel so happy now. And in lifting up their hands and their hearts in adoration, they also pray for those who taught them this beautiful gospel and for those who support them.

To our readers, friends and benefactors, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

P. A. HEICK, S. V. D.,

Jackson, Miss.

P. S. Do not forget our orphans at Christmas and those who lost their home and everything in the cyclone! Any donation, no matter how small, will be appreciated. Also bedding, clothes and toys.

St. Joseph's, Meridian, Miss.

On November 12 the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gunn administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 35 converts at St. Joseph's. Bishop Gunn is very solicitous to make the colored Catholics feel that they are at home in the Catholic Church, that she is the common mother of all races.

In spite of the strong opposition that has been working against us, our school this year made a fine showing as far as attendance is concerned, though the financial outlook is not so very bright. An experienced teacher in dressmaking and domestics has been added to the teaching staff and the scholars are assured of the best in these two lines of necessary accomplishment, for their later life.

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The joyful Christmas season is nigh. We wish all our friends that sweet heavenly joy, that flows from the crib at Bethlehem. We know they will not forget us in these hard times, when everybody is cutting down expenses. The trouble is, that ours are cut down so far, that only an ugly looking stump remains. We do wish to see a few green limbs on it by Christmas.

The next issue of the Colored Messenger will be the Meridian issue and we shall tell you more from this part of God's vineyard. A Merry Christmas and a Joyous New Year!

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1914—18 Ave.,
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St. Bartholomew's, Little Rock, Ark.

St. Bartholomew's Institute had a fine opening this year, many new pupils reporting for admission. This everlasting sectarian fight against anything Catholic did not spare Little Rock and we had a good deal to contend with, but the blessing of the truth is irresistible.

Poverty and hard times were the cause of some of the former students' staying away, a condition which, at present, it does not lie within our power to remedy. Our good work would increase a hundred per cent, if we were financially able to do away with tuition charges. It will be a heavenly blessing and treasure for the one who will enable us to accomplish this.

Our Sisters are now for six long years housed in two rooms 25 x 30 feet, and need a convent. Their rooms are needed for school purposes, for which they were intended, and it is an imperative duty to provide better accommodations for them.

We pray to the Divine Infant of Bethlehem, whose first dwelling place was a poor, humble stable, and who now dwells in millions of temples, some of them most artistic and beautiful, to find some good benefactors for His laborers and to provide a comfortable and plain dwelling for them.

Wishing our friends a most happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year,

I am, respectfully yours,

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1615 W. 16 St.,

Little Rock, Ark.

Sacred Heart Mission, Greenville, Miss.

My long vacation was a quiet, peaceful time, disturbed only by an unwelcome guest, malaria, and by a Rev. "Gentleman," who tried to cause some disturbance as he went from house to house of our children, to induce their parents not to send them to our Institute for the coming session. But as this accomplished hypocrite feigned to be a friend of ours in public, I never once suspected his treachery until a few weeks ago, when I heard about it from many sources; thus it in no way disturbed my vacation.

He did not succeed, however, in harming our school, as 13 graduates of the public school came to us at the beginning of vacation, regularly three times every week, in order to become acquainted with the school, and to prepare themselves to enter our high school. Soon they were so well pleased that every effort to keep them away from our school failed completely, and directed their suspicion against the enemy of the school rather than against the institution.

Now weeks have already passed by since our school opened its doors again, and these graduates of the public school with eight others who joined them have become students of the Sacred Heart Institute. Also our grammar school had a successful opening. A good number of new children entered and on the very first day the kindergarten, which had

been discontinued for two years, sheltered 20 of those happy little ones from three to five years. But many more children are expected later, as a large number of them are at present in the country picking cotton.

With the reopening of the school nearly all of our Catholic children returned to begin the new session. During the long



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vacation some of them were almost lost to us. Do not, however, blame them too hastily. Nearly all of them have parents of other denominations, and, of course, they themselves have as yet not the strong will power that is necessary for a regular attendance at the services Sunday after Sunday. Now they live once more from the early morning till evening in a Catholic atmosphere, which reawakens in their souls their Catholic spirit, giving renewed strength. To their credit, however, I must say that even during vacation time they did fairly well. Not many missed the divine services on Sundays and some, encouraged by the zeal and good example of our few thoroughly Catholic grown

people, attended even daily the holy sacrifice of Mass and were present every evening at the devotions, which we have three times a week.

A new member was also added during this time to our little band of Catholics, the daughter of one of our best public school teachers. Her mother did not spare money nor sacrifice to secure for her child the highest and best education and has sent her for several years to the foremost college for colored students in the South, to the famous Fisk University in Nashville, Tenn. Now she gave her to our holy Church to crown the work which she has done for her child. It was, however, not only the wish of her mother, who deeply loves our Church, though not a member of it, but it was still more the sincere and deep desire of the convert, that brought her into our holy Church. The solemn celebration of her baptism was attended by her many friends, and at this occasion Rev. Father Gruhn preached a most impressive sermon on the deep meaning and the wonderful effects of this great sacrament, and the happiness in being a member of the Catholic Church. I saw tears in more than one eye. Now the student has returned to her institution of learning. May God give her the grace to persevere in her holy Faith!

The whole congregation send their best Christmas wishes to all our benefactors, the children especially to the children of our other schools, and all members of the congregation to the many Catholics of our other stations.

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“Remember at Christmas those who still sit in the darkness and shadows of heathendom.”

Blossoms from the Mission Field

A Dusky Rose

Soon after the late Rt. Rev. Alfred E. Curtis had been appointed to the See of Wilmington, Del., he made a visitation of his diocese, which includes all of Delaware and parts of Maryland and Virginia. It is what is called a "poor" diocese: outside of the city of Wilmington there are very few Catholics. Many of the rural population had never seen a Catholic priest, to say nothing of a bishop. This much to create the "local color"—as will be seen, there is much color—of an incident we should wish to relate for the moral that is in it.

Recently a new parish has been established at Milford, with outlying missions, one of them, Lewes, being by rail forty miles away, and visited by the priest every third Sunday. People are not afraid now to speak to the priest, having discovered in the beginning that he had no horns! One day the telephone bell rang. Father Dougherty answered it. The call was from Lewes, "forty miles away." "Is that Father Dougherty?" "Yes." "This is Mr. Brown, Lewes. I'm a colored man." "Yes." "I've got a daughter, sick. She's going to die, and she wants to die a Catholic." "What makes you say that?"

asked the priest. "It's my child. She says she's going to meet her Savior, and she can't meet Him till she's a Catholic. Will you come down?"

Of course, like Jesus of Nazareth, he went "down" to see the sick girl. The whole colored population of Milford met him at the station. The priest said afterward that he didn't know for the min-

ute just what to do after a glance into the faces of that blackthrong. But before he had time for any deliberation, one of them stepped up to him on the platform. "Are you Father Dougherty?" he was asked and upon his replying that was his name, the colored man raised his hat and said: "I am Mr. Brown. My little girl is dying." "Where do you live?" asked the priest. "Up at the end of this street. Will you come?" He went, escorted by the excited negroes.

The house was small but clean, and the sick

chamber had been tidied up. The priest spoke to the sick girl. He could not tell by looking at the patient whether she was as sick as she said, but her pulse warned him that her vitality was pretty low. He therefore lost no time in questioning her, and his first question was a repetition of the one he had asked her father. She told him that she had worked in a



Little Brother and Sister. Guess what they need most?

convent in Philadelphia. "Those Sisters are saints," she added, "and when they die they go to heaven. I want to die the way they die!" The priest found out that she knew all the prayers, including

hospital. Arriving at Lewes, she was not long there before she heard of what everyone, white and black, was talking about: the periodical visits of the Catholic priest. And so she had sent for him.



A group of happy children from our missions

the acts of faith, hope, love and contrition, could bless herself and had her rosary beads which the nuns had given her.

She had developed "quick consumption" and had come home hurriedly lest she should be sent away to the county

hospital. She was baptized and made her first confession. "Now," said Father Dougherty when he was leaving, "I shall be in Lewes next Sunday, and after services I shall bring you Holy Communion and administer the last rites of the Church."

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A Dusky Rose

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Recently a new parish has been established at Milford, with outlying missions, one of them, Lewes, being by rail forty miles away, and visited by the priest every third Sunday. People are not afraid now to speak to the priest, having discovered in the beginning that he had no horns! One day the telephone bell rang. Father Dougherty answered it. The call was from Lewes, "forty miles away." "Is that Father Dougherty?" "Yes." "This is Mr. Brown, Lewes. I'm a colored man." "Yes." "I've got a daughter, sick. She's going to die, and she wants to die a Catholic." "What makes you say that?"

asked the priest. "It's my child. She says she's going to meet her Savior, and she can't meet Him till she's a Catholic. Will you come down?"

Of course, like Jesus of Nazareth, he went "down" to see the sick girl. The whole colored population of Milford met him at the station. The priest said afterward that he didn't know for the min-

ute just what to do after a glance into the faces of that blackthrong. But before he had time for any deliberation, one of them stepped up to him on the platform. "Are you Father Dougherty?" he was asked and upon his replying that was his name, the colored man raised his hat and said: "I am Mr. Brown. My little girl is dying." "Where do you live?" asked the priest. "Up at the end of this street. Will you come?" He went, escorted by the excited negroes.

The house was small but clean, and the sick

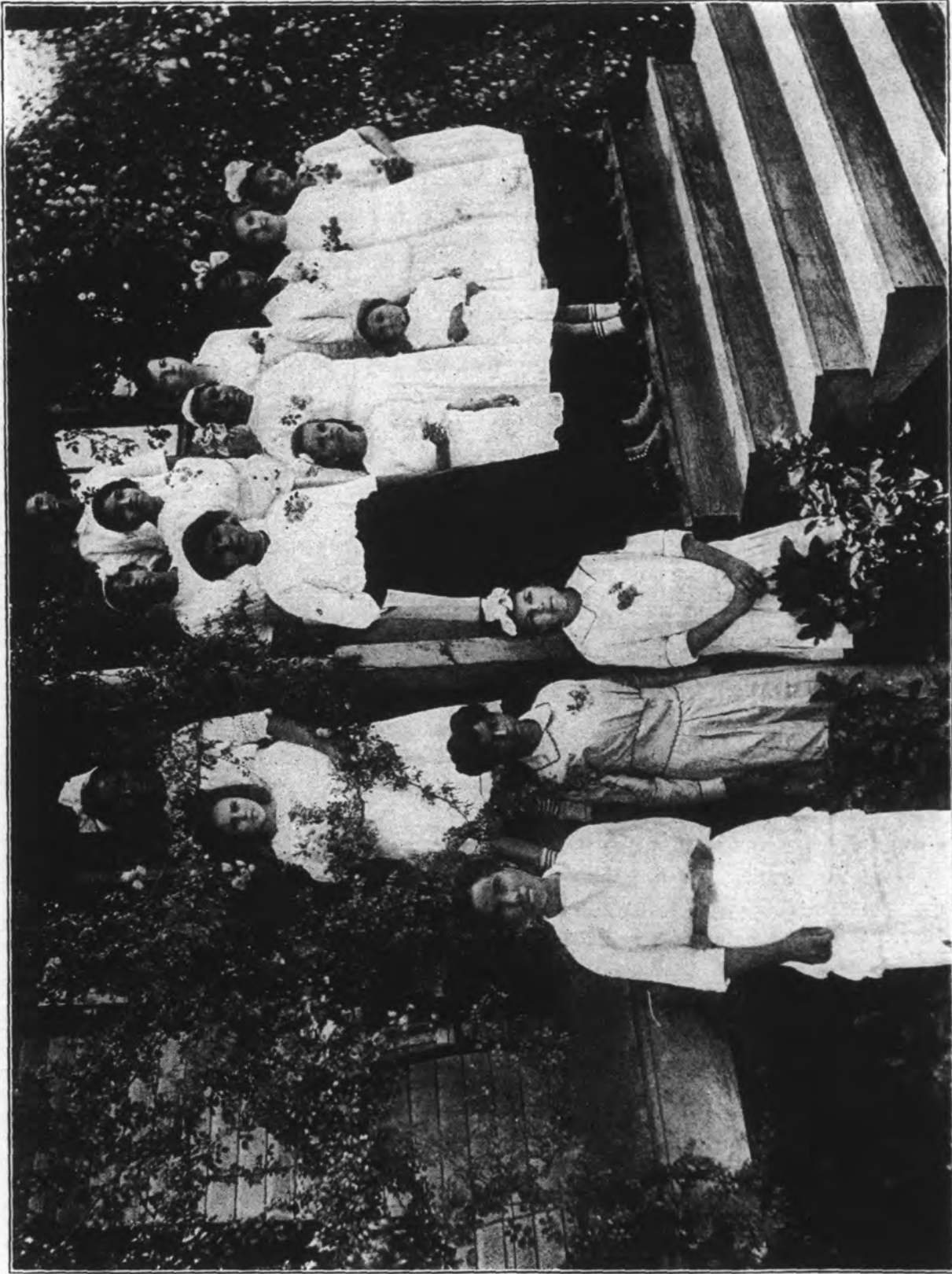
chamber had been tidied up. The priest spoke to the sick girl. He could not tell by looking at the patient whether she was as sick as she said, but her pulse warned him that her vitality was pretty low. He therefore lost no time in questioning her, and his first question was a repetition of the one he had asked her father. She told him that she had worked in a



Little Brother and Sister. Guess what they need most?.

convent in Philadelphia. "Those Sisters are saints," she added, "and when they die they go to heaven. I want to die the way they die!" The priest found out that she knew all the prayers, including

hospital. Arriving at Lewes, she was not long there before she heard of what everyone, white and black, was talking about: the periodical visits of the Catholic priest. And so she had sent for him.



A group of happy children from our missions

the acts of faith, hope, love and contrition, could bless herself and had her rosary beads which the nuns had given her.

She had developed "quick consumption" and had come home hurriedly lest she should be sent away to the county

hospital. Arriving at Lewes, she was not long there before she heard of what everyone, white and black, was talking about: the periodical visits of the Catholic priest. And so she had sent for him.

"Very well, Father," she said, "I'll wait for you!" He kept his word.

That night in his modest little study in Milford he was called again to the telephone. "Mr. Brown of Lewes" was again at the other end. The girl had died that afternoon and was buried on Tuesday. Would he come down again and conduct the services? He would. When he arrived on that day, not only the colored population, but the whole town came out to receive him: a Catholic priest, a white man, officiating at the burial service of a negro girl. When he entered the room where the corpse had been "laid out," two ferocious looking, big, black men leaped at him. He had been half expecting some attack for his violation of all the traditions of town and State, and he admitted that for the instant fear clutched at his heart. His fear was groundless. They introduced themselves as the Methodist and the Baptist ministers of the place and bade him welcome as a "brother." They made no attempt to conduct any service according to their own creeds, but contented themselves with interjecting an occasional hearty "Amen" while he was reciting the "I am the resurrection and the life," and the other beautiful prayers of the Catholic service. At the conclusion, another request. Would he accompany the body to the graveyard some miles distant? This also was granted, and, flanked on either side by the colored ministers followed by all the negroes of Lewes and the neighboring village, and watched by the entire white population who, like the negroes, had made of the day a holiday, and were drawn up in line along the route of the procession, he established a precedent in the peninsula.

It is a common saying among Catholics of Irish extraction that a sick person will "wait" for the priest to come and administer the Sacraments, and will then "die in peace." One touch of nature makes the whole world akin. This black girl, wherever the inspiration came from, had had the same confidence, and had uttered the same words: "I'll wait for you." She died soon after receiving the Sacraments. And died in peace. It is not too

much to say that her beautiful white soul is reflecting the glorious radiance of her Heavenly Spouse. Is it too much to hope that she will become the saint of her race and of her State? The moral? Ask the nuns who live like saints, and dying go to heaven!—J. T. WHALAN in *The Tablet*.



Christmas in the Bahamas

The Sisters of Charity, who teach the colored schools in the Bahamas, which belong to the Archdiocese of New York, relate the following beautiful instance in their little book: "The Children of Providence."

"The faith is spreading from island to island as if by a miracle. A touching proof of this was met with recently in a case of a colored girl, who happened to be with us for a while and who returned as a Catholic to her home in a distant island. By prayer and example she became the means of many conversions, first in her own family and afterward among the little children to whom she taught the catechism.

On Christmas Eve, she told her parents of the midnight mass, at which she had assisted just the year before, and asked that she might be permitted to rise and read her mass prayers at 12 o'clock. It was agreed that all should join her. Delighted with her success, she arranged a little crib, placing in it a small picture of the Infant Jesus, while lighting it with two tapers. While *Adeste* was being sung by herself and the mass prayers recited in this humble replica of Bethlehem, surely the angels drew nigh; surely they came to these lowly worshipers, and, though unseen, brought with them that heavenly message: "Peace on earth to men of good will."

Christmas Spirit, Mission Spirit

The birthday of the great Missionary of Bethlehem, whose followers we all wish and claim to be, reminds us more than any other season in the year of our duty towards His great work for the salvation of souls. Many people have made Christmas Day, on which the heavenly Father gave His greatest treasure, the time when more than ever they dispense their charities, and we know, that among all their calls they do not forget the colored missions. It has been a pleasure to me and

a source of much edification and encouragement in the work, to read from time to time in our Catholic papers of beautiful instances of charity, that rival the fervor of the first Christians. We know our readers will like as much as we do, to hear of these beautiful signs of genuine charity.

The *Boston Pilot* some time ago told the following to its readers: "We know of many mission helpers who walk to and from their work, not for the benefit of their health, but in order that they may be able to drop two nickels at night into their miteboxes. May God bless those good souls with perfect health in return for the sacrifice they make in His name and for His greater honor and glory."

In the *Echo from Africa* we read: "A little larger than the 'Widow's mite,' but representing a similar spirit of sacrifice is a gift embodying a young girl's entire inheritance, which she made over to Rev. Jos. P. Donovan for the Catholic missions in Africa. This woman is employed in a downtown office in St. Louis, where she receives a modest salary.

This gift was made in memory of her parents for a Catholic chapel with chalice and altar and the donor asked the chapel to be dedicated to the Holy Family, in memory of her parents. She also asked that her name be withheld. For five years the young woman had been giving \$5 each month and in July had ransomed a slave in Africa, paying \$25.00 for his freedom. Father Donovan said of the gift: "It mirrors the zeal which breathed through the infant church, when the multitude of

the believers had but one heart and one soul."

The *Catholic Bulletin* gives us another beautiful instance: "There is a girl in St. Liborius School, St. Louis, to whom a nickel looks big. She received \$5.00 as a present a few weeks ago on the occasion of her solemn first communion. She told the giver



St. Mary's Mission Club, Chicago

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she really needed nothing and she could get more happiness out of the money by sending it to Africa as a baptismal offering for some girl, who would be her godchild and bear her name. This is the spirit that will safeguard the interests of Christian womanhood in the next generation."

In the *Southern Guardian* we find the following: "The other day a dollar that had been earned by the sacrifice of a working girl came into the office of the Catholic paper, saying she had denied herself things at lunch, until in this manner, she had earned a dollar for the missions. That girl had the missionary spirit, because it is the spirit of self-sacrifice. This dollar saved by hard self-denial is a blessed dollar."

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The Rev. Father McGlinchey tells us in the *Boston Pilot*: "We are accustomed to look upon lepers as the most unfortunate of God's children—poor creatures, who expect and deserve our heartfelt charity and sympathy. How surprising it is to learn, therefore, that the lepers of the Catholic mission in Molokai, far from concentrating all their thoughts upon their miseries, are accustomed to save something out of their small means to help other missions.

Father Maxime, the superior of the mission, is authority for the statement that last year his charges sent \$60 to the

Propagation of the Faith Society and \$20 to the Holy Childhood. Is not this an example which should make many of us blush with mortification? Surrounded by every comfort, blessed with good health, some of us cannot spare a few dollars or even a few cents to support the work of the missionary priests. Yet the lepers, from their solitude and isolation, remember these brave men and share what they have with them. Truly, they teach us a salutary lesson."

May the Lord bless the cheerful giver!

P. J. WENDEL, S.V.D.



Christ was born at Bethlehem. Adore and rejoice!

LIFE

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR
(The Negro Poet)

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come double;

And that is life!

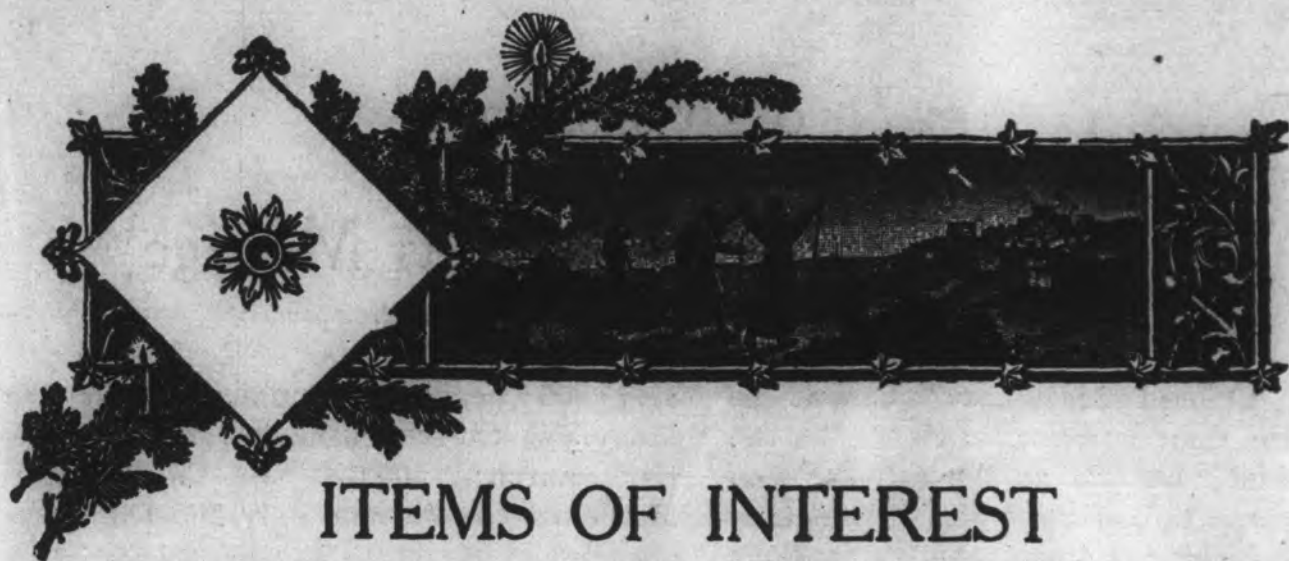
A crust and a corner that love makes precious,

With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh us;

And joy seems sweeter when cares come after,

And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter;

And that is life!



ITEMS OF INTEREST

The Best Way to Kill Prejudice

I learned from a non-Catholic business man the other day the best method of killing prejudice, says a writer in the *True Voice*, of Omaha, Neb. It is a method requiring no extra effort. The moral of the information conveyed to me by my non-Catholic friend is that the best way to kill prejudice against the Catholic Church is for its members to line up to the precepts of their religion, to be practical Catholics. I asked my friend if it was true that he was about to lose the pastor of his church whom I also had the pleasure of knowing.

"I cannot say for sure," said my friend, "but it looks that way. You see," he added, "it is difficult to get our people to stick and take an interest in their church. They go to church just as they feel like it, and they are as likely to go to another church as to their own. It is very different with your Catholics; they seem to love their Church, and I have often been edified by the reverence of Catholics during their services. You don't find them talking to each other and 'rubbering' just the same as if they were in a theatre. I tell you it does a fellow good to sit through a Catholic service. You cannot help but feel as if you were breathing a religious atmosphere. Their attendance at church on Sundays cannot be equaled, let alone surpassed, by any of our Protestant denominations."

"I was out on a vacation once on a fishing trip. There were four of us in the party and one was a Catholic, a young man from St. Louis. When Sunday came our Catholic friend got up at 4 a. m., walked a mile to the station to catch a

passing train at 5 a. m., which brought him to a town about ten miles distant, where there was a Catholic church, and there he heard Mass, returning later in the day. When we made the remark, that he could plead a legitimate excuse for neglecting divine service under the circumstances, he replied that it was not any sense of obligation that was troubling him, but that he valued hearing Mass so highly, that he would consider it a great loss to miss it, and besides he had promised his mother never to miss Mass if it was at all possible to attend. I tell you," said my non-Catholic friend, "that that St. Louis man went up 100 per cent in our esteem. We three Protestants felt that a religion which was so real to its members had something in it which we do not find in our own."

Why Catholics Cannot Take Part in Non-Catholic Worship

In virtue of their holy faith and its sacred rule, Catholics are placed in an entirely different position from that of Protestant believers who may, without the slightest inconsistency or violation of religious principles, take part in any sectarian worship or exercises. Here is exactly the difference between the Catholic and non-Catholic viewpoint. Anyone who believes the fundamental Protestant doctrine of private interpretation of the Bible must, in order to be consistent, maintain that one form of worship is as good as another. But a Catholic holds that "truth is one, error many," that the multitude of other forms proves that they are false.—Archbishop Messmer.

Did you know that \$5 will pay the expenses of a day scholar in our missions for a whole year? Further, that \$20 will pay the salary of a teacher for a month?

The Colored Messenger and Its Message

BY THOS. W. TURNER, *Howard University*

"The Colored Messenger" cannot be otherwise than a welcome visitor to the hearts and homes of all the faithful who are anxious to see the light of the true Faith find its way among the ten millions of souls, who make up a tenth of the population of this land, only about 250,000 of whom can be counted, at present, in the Church.

It might be noted with interest too, that the bulk of these 250,000 belong to the "originals," men and women whose faith runs back in unbroken loyalty to the time when their ancestors learned the true religion in places or localities where Catholics first settled in this country.

I am convinced that the colored masses, since they have not acquired that inordinate craving for things material, are more easily led to adopt the truth; the experiences of the three orders of Reverend Fathers who are laboring so zealously in our Southland among colored people seem to bear me out in this. But in spite of this fact their conversion to the

Church has been, relatively, very slow. Father Wendel's article, entitled "A Sermon in Numbers," which appeared in the first number of "The Colored Messenger," is certainly deserving of very serious consideration by the Church. It is one of those pointed sermons that say much, but suggest volumes.

Let me repeat, in part, the Reverend Father's figures, which are taken from the "Crisis" and are based upon the last census record. Grouped according to religious denomination, "there are

1,175,000 negro communicants in the Methodist church; 2,300,000 in the Baptist church; 500,000 in the African Methodist church, and only 260,000 Catholics."

The African Methodist church is a fairly young organization among the Protestant denominations, and yet it may be said to our discredit, that it numbers twice as many communicants today as our old and true Faith. It collects \$2,000,000 annually from its colored membership and maintains numerous educational institutions, several of these being devoted to the higher training of its young people, both along material and spiritual lines.

Indeed, the very secret and substance of any further progress in the conversion of the colored people to the Faith, lies in the opportunity which shall be offered for their material and spiritual education. It fills me with sadness when I think of the fact, that there is hardly a single Catholic institution of higher learning in any locality where

Catholic colored people are numerous, in which their youth are welcomed to pursue their Catholic education. This matter is serious. It concerns the entire unconverted negro population, as well as those who are already converted and rooted in the Faith. It calls for concerted action on the part of those in charge of colored parishes throughout the country. It is urgent at present, that this concerted action should center around an effort at bringing the colored congregations into



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It must be obvious, that to limit the educational opportunities of a congregation to the parochial elementary school, as is well-nigh universal in colored parishes, is far from sufficient to conserve their religious or material growth.

The advent of "The Colored Messenger" with its deep insight into the real situation and with its frank and charitable statement of the spiritual and temporal needs of the Catholic colored people, together with the fundamental prerequisites if they are to become Catholic, is very timely. I pray to God that its message will not go unheeded by our Catholic people. This identical message has come from the trying sacrifices of the Reverend Fathers of the Lyons African Missions, who have secured good results in

Georgia as "The Colored Messenger" brings from the labors of the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, who are working so hard to spread the truth to the people of Mississippi and Arkansas.

I consider the suggestion of larger educational opportunities and a larger racial clergy and sisterhood as being primary considerations for the development of the colored people in the Church. There is no doubt, but that the colored people will contribute liberally both as to means and holy lives if only they are given the opportunity.

May we pray that this live message out of experience of toil and sacrifice is only a forerunner of a greater exertion, which the Church is to put forth in the near future for the saving of souls of the colored fold in this country.



Scene on Southern Highway. Hauling Cotton

By courtesy of National Highway Association



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From Our Correspondence Bag

Someone from Omaha with a good old Irish name writes us: "I am much interested in Catholic work among the negroes; but like most Catholics in the country, I am sailing around without a rudder, looking for a port. This is our great defect. To me it is a crying shame, that so much money goes to waste in this northern country, while those of you, who are trying to do something in the South, have so little to do it with. I travel in the Southwest considerably, and it is a pity to see the condition of the negroes in that section. I presume it is the same with you."—Well, my friend, I hope that the C. M. will soon be a sail and rudder to many.

A young lady (colored) from Washington writes us: "Dear Rev. Editor! You are a stranger to me, but I thank you for the kindly attitude, that you assume towards our people. In spite of all the prejudice that is fostered in this country, it is very seldom that one sees an article so fair, so just as those in your C. M. If there were more men of your character to promulgate such ideas, many more converts would be brought into the true Church and the whole world would be made better by our teaching and example. Kindly accept my sincere thanks for your kindly utterances concerning the virtues to be found among our people."

The Rev. Mother of a convent in Chicago says: "Your very interesting 'Colored Messenger' is most welcome and is read at table in our refectory." The message of God's missions is a fine spiritual reading.

Miss J. N. of New York says: "Father, I wish to subscribe to 10 copies of the C. M., one for myself and the other nine I shall put into the magazine box at the entrance of our church. It will be for the good of the missions and the readers."

Father Walter Elliott, editor of *The Missionary*, says in the September issue of his excellent magazine: "We heartily welcome the 'Colored Messenger' to the

periodical Catholic press. The first number is full of good reading, nearly all of it touching the point of moment interest, the making of converts, narratives, statistics, difficulties, encouragements and a spice of gentle humor. One feature of attractiveness is the pictures, which are numerous, well chosen, and well printed. It is not at all an exaggeration to say, that any word of this number—typical no doubt, of future ones—is of interest to Catholics, and no small portion of keenest interest to them."

The *Catholic Tribune* says of our magazine:

The Society of the Divine Word, which has of late years done considerable missionary work among the Southern negroes, has now established a magazine exclusively devoted to that cause. It is called the "Colored Messenger" and issues quarterly from the Techny (Ill.) Mission Press. We are indebted to the editor, Father P. J. Wendel, for a copy of the second number, dated June, 1916. Its pages record many signs of the progress which these zealous missionaries are making, against heavy odds, in the colored missions of Mississippi and Arkansas. No doubt a perusal of this magazine will teach many others besides the New York lady quoted on page 34, that the "low-down good-for-nothing niggers" of the South are men and women with precious souls redeemed by Christ, many of them willing to embrace the true faith when it is preached to them."



Dormitory for Girls at St. Joseph's, Meridian, Mississippi

VIERGE NOIRE

BY MRS. C. W. CLIFFORD

One of the most interesting of the pilgrimages which we made was to the little village of du Puy situated high in the mountains of the Haute Loire.

Of the many wonderful things to be seen at Puy it was the ancient Cathedral which excited our liveliest interest. Tradition says that La Cathedral du Puy dates back to the first episodes of the history of St. George, who was one of the seventy-two disciples of Jesus Christ, and was sent by St. Peter into France.

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the Vierge Noire, The Black Virgin. By courtesy of "The Crisis"

Dear negro-American, can you believe it? Can you believe that there are people in this world worshipping a Black Virgin who holds a Black Child? That they place this figure on the main altar of one of their oldest Cathedrals, and that her marvelous history is chiseled on tablets of stone, and otherwise preserved in the archives of the diocese? And that the stories of her care and protection of her people are scarcely equalled by those of any of the Virgins who figure in the church history of ancient Europe?

From Our Correspondence Bag

Someone from Omaha with a good old Irish name writes us: "I am much interested in Catholic work among the negroes; but like most Catholics in the country, I am sailing around without a rudder, looking for a port. This is our great defect. To me it is a crying shame, that so much money goes to waste in this northern country, while those of you, who are trying to do something in the South, have so little to do it with. I travel in the Southwest considerably, and it is a pity to see the condition of the negroes in that section. I presume it is the same with you."—Well, my friend, I hope that the C. M. will soon be a sail and rudder to many.

A young lady (colored) from Washington writes us: "Dear Rev. Editor! You are a stranger to me, but I thank you for the kindly attitude, that you assume towards our people. In spite of all the prejudice that is fostered in this country, it is very seldom that one sees an article so fair, so just as those in your C. M. If there were more men of your character to promulgate such ideas, many more converts would be brought into the true Church and the whole world would be made better by our teaching and example. Kindly accept my sincere thanks for your kindly utterances concerning the virtues to be found among our people."

The Rev. Mother of a convent in Chicago says: "Your very interesting "Colored Messenger" is most welcome and is read at table in our refectory." The message of God's missions is a fine spiritual reading.

Miss J. N. of New York says: "Father, I wish to subscribe to 10 copies of the C. M., one for myself and the other nine I shall put into the magazine box at the entrance of our church. It will be for the good of the missions and the readers."

Father Walter Elliott, editor of *The Missionary*, says in the September issue of his excellent magazine: "We heartily welcome the "Colored Messenger" to the

periodical Catholic press. The first number is full of good reading, nearly all of it touching the point of moment interest, the making of converts, narratives, statistics, difficulties, encouragements and a spice of gentle humor. One feature of attractiveness is the pictures, which are numerous, well chosen, and well printed. It is not at all an exaggeration to say, that any word of this number—typical no doubt, of future ones—is of interest to Catholics, and no small portion of keenest interest to them."

The *Catholic Tribune* says of our magazine:

The Society of the Divine Word, which has of late years done considerable missionary work among the Southern negroes, has now established a magazine exclusively devoted to that cause. It is called the "Colored Messenger" and issues quarterly from the Techny (Ill.) Mission Press. We are indebted to the editor, Father P. J. Wendel, for a copy of the second number, dated June, 1916. Its pages record many signs of the progress which these zealous missionaries are making, against heavy odds, in the colored missions of Mississippi and Arkansas. No doubt a perusal of this magazine will teach many others besides the New York lady quoted on page 34, that the "low-down good-for-nothing niggers" of the South are men and women with precious souls redeemed by Christ, many of them willing to embrace the true faith when it is preached to them."



Dormitory for Girls at St. Joseph's, Meridian, Mississippi

VIERGE NOIRE

BY MRS. C. W. CLIFFORD

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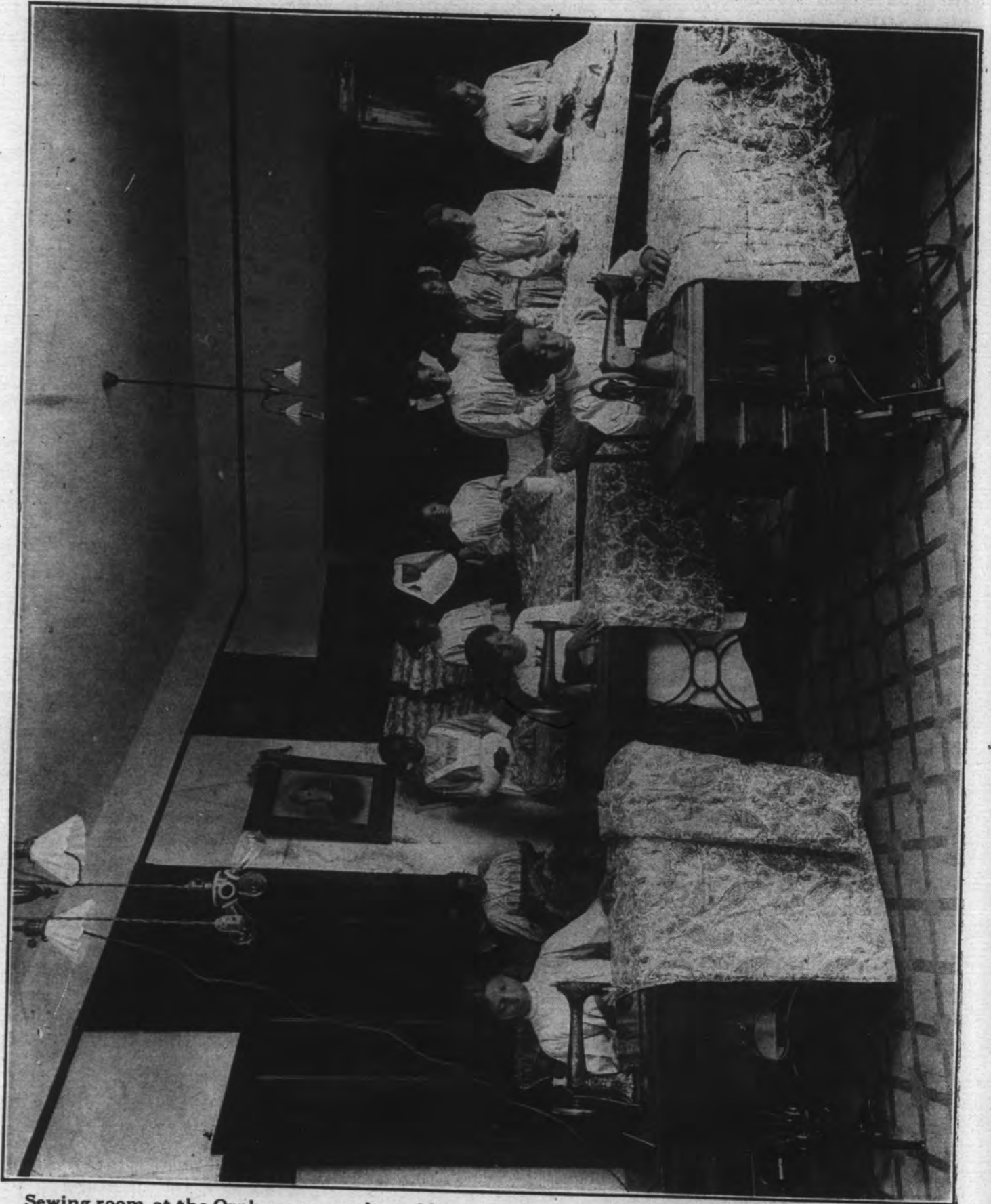
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Notwithstanding all of the mythical and legendary romance of the past which is interwoven with the history of the Virgin, the lesson remains,—that color is nothing. A Black Virgin, possessed of all

the virtues, commands as much respect as a white one; that a white race of people trained to the ideal of a Vierge Noire can love her just as truly and reverence her just as devoutly.

The Crisis, N. Y.



Sewing room at the Orphanage, conducted by the Oblate Sisters of Providence at Normandy, Mo.



The Black Man's Burden

"By their fruits ye shall know them. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles."

If the divine test be applied to Booker Washington's work and teaching, it would entitle him to recognition and approval in Southern communities. The fruits of his work at Tuskegee, in educating the negro to self-respecting industry, thrift, and ambition, are evident today all over the South, where his pupils are planting the seeds of hope and enterprise he has given them, and cultivating them with a courage and faith that match his own.

In Utica, Mississippi, in the heart of the "Black Belt," William H. Holtzclaw and his wife,

two Tuskegee graduates, have established within the last twelve years a normal and industrial institute, which is educating 500 young negro boys and girls to farm and to cook, to sew and to carpenter, to live decent lives, in clean homes, on friendly peaceful terms with their

white neighbors, and to respect themselves, save their money, and aid in lifting their race to a higher plane of citizenship. How these two young pioneers

built up such a school, with its fourteen buildings erected by the pupils and teachers themselves—its 1700 acres of land, won by thrift and diplomacy from a community that at first was hostile to the idea of a negro school in its vicinity—how they succeeded in face of discouragements and privations, and gained and held the friendly cooperation of the white people in the town and state makes "The Black Man's Burden," the book in which

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Through his whole story from his childhood of privation in the desolate Virginia of reconstruction days, to his description of the triumphant display of the Utica Normal and Industrial Institute at the Mississippi State Fair in Jackson,

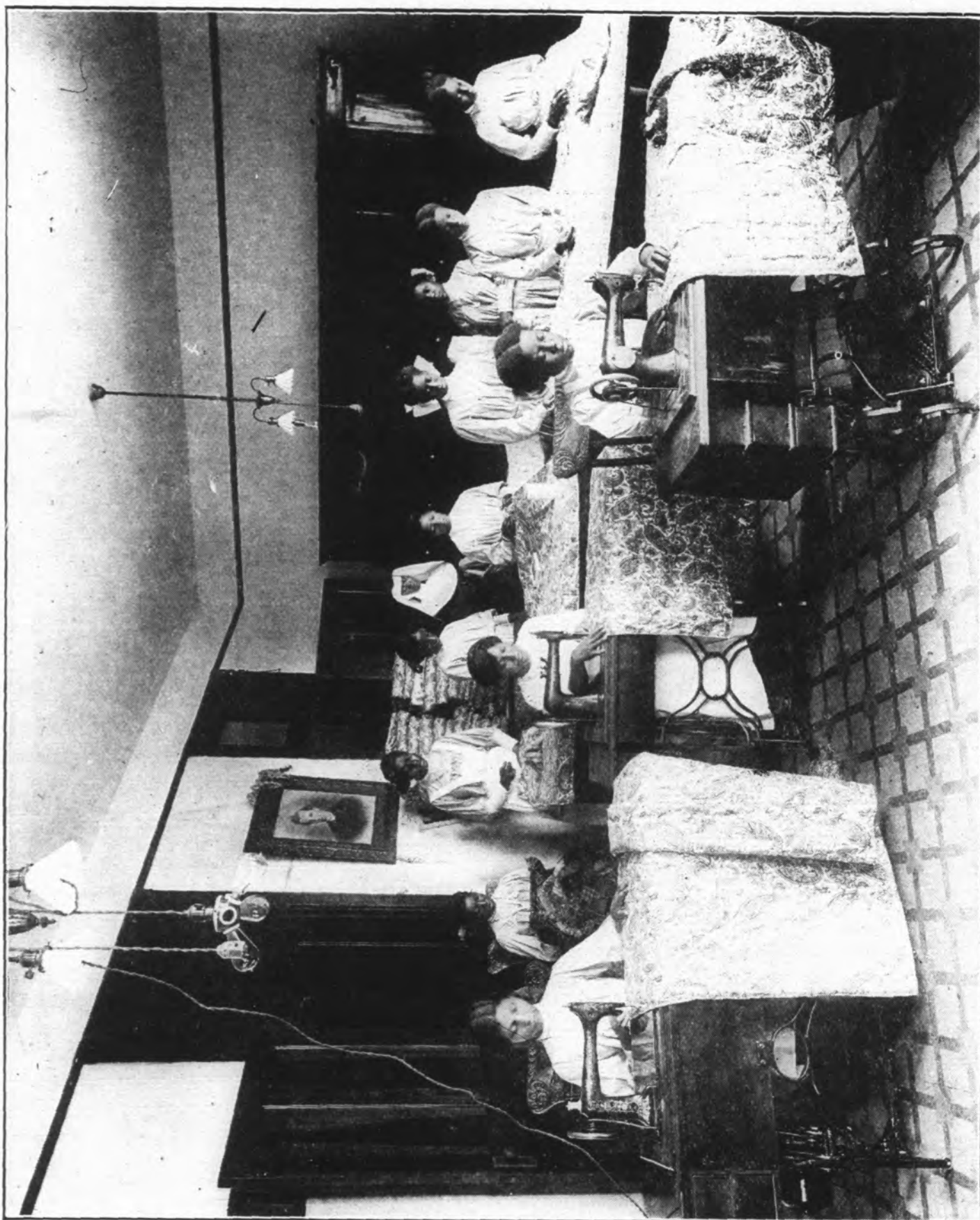


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